

Aggression

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# NATIONAL LAMPOON

MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

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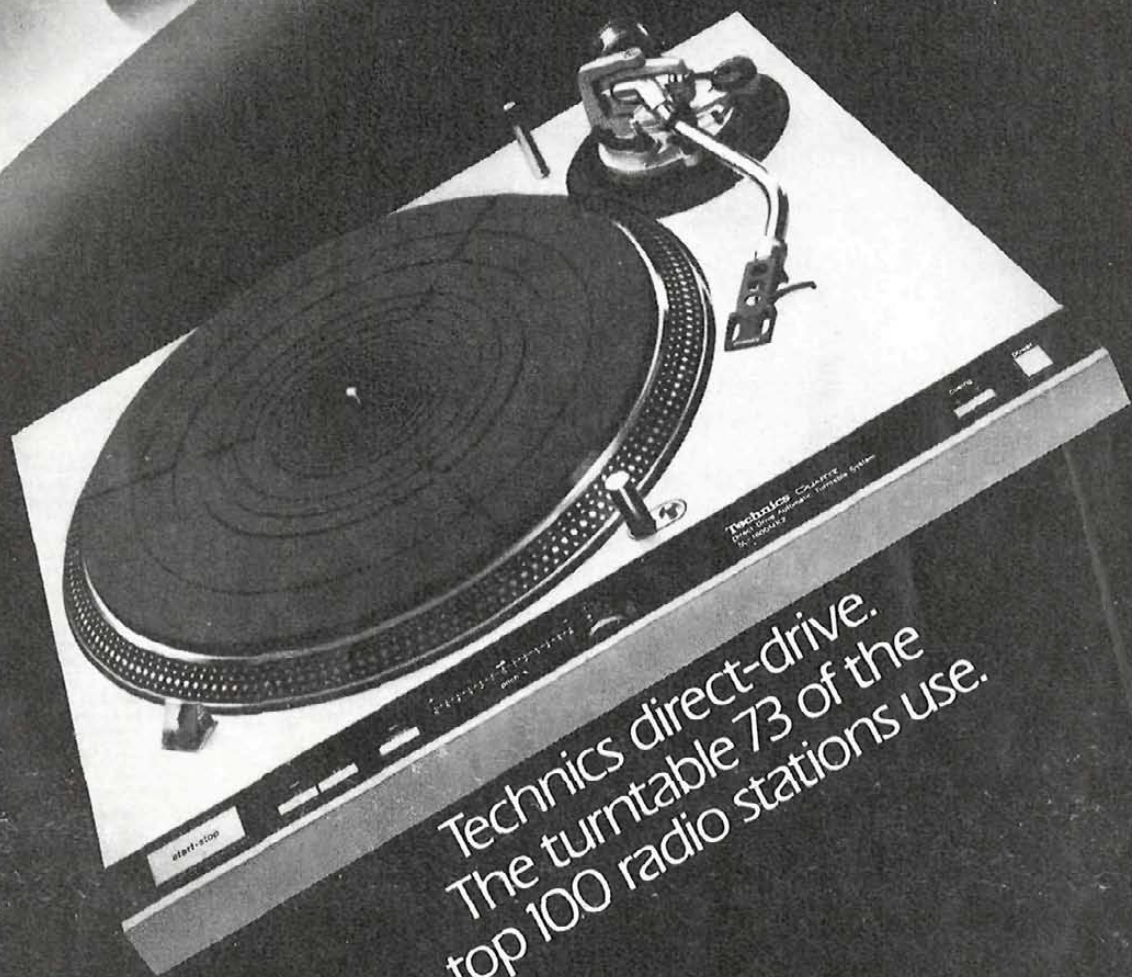
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Vol. 2, No. 27

Uh oh, it's ...

# MONDO MAN



# EDITORIAL

## The Ransom of the Redmunds

It looked like a politically expedient thing to do; but wait till I tell you. We were down at the university, thinking up poster ideas and planning a midnight candle march against the US and our recently deposed dictator Ernesto Diego and the past sins of his cruel regime. It was Jorge's idea, thought up in a moment of temporary revolutionary lunacy. But we didn't find that out till later.

There were lots of things that passed through our heads, but we decided that this kidnapping idea was the best thing to keep the revolutionary spirit at a healthy pitch. Why, it worked just swell for lots of revolutionary movements. Hostages in them days was as good as gold.

There wasn't much to do about choosing a victim, seeing as how we only got one American ambassador down here. Jorge and me was pretty sure that once we took the ambassador hostage the US would melt down and pay us our ransom. Well, it wasn't a ransom exactly, not money anyway. We got plenty of that from Cuba. What we wanted was for the US to admit to be fiddling with our internal affairs and whatnot, and to have been propping up that miserable dictator, who was so hard to displace.

One terribly hot evening me and Jorge drove to the US embassy over there on Matilda Street. We had no trouble getting in the gates. In fact, before we knew it, we were inside and the ambassador himself was standing right there before us.

"All right," I says. "Hands up. Keep your mouth shut and you won't get hurt."

"I'll bet you're taking over the embassy," the ambassador says, just as cheerful as if he was taking delivery on a nice sailboat or something.

"We're kidnapping you," Jorge says.

"Swell!" the ambassador says. "What about Mrs. Redmund? Can

she come along, too?"

I told him what the plan was, and I also told him that if his country didn't come around to our way of thinking, he could consider himself and his wife pretty much dead.

"Bully!" he says. "Are you taking us up to a mountain hideaway, or will we be staying here in town?"

I informed him that, he being the one who was getting kidnapped, it wasn't none of his business.

"I just wanted to pack accordingly," he says.

A few minutes later Mrs. Redmund comes down the stairs in a real nice dress, with shoes and a purse that match.

and pick up a pair of flat shoes and my white sweater?" Mrs. Redmund says.

Jorge explains that this here is a kidnapping and she hasn't any right to be making demands on us.

"Pooh!" she says. "And bring my needlepoint while you're there."

After Jorge left, I settled down in the mouth of the cave and lit up a smoke.

"Pardon me," Mrs. Redmund says after a while. "But I'm a wee bit hungry. My stomach's growling, and if there's anything more impolite than a growling stomach, I haven't heard about it"

I told her about the provisions in the ammunition case in the back of the cave and she went through it and decided she didn't like dried beef and crackers.

"I have a taste for a lightly toasted English muffin with some currant jelly," she says.

"Eleanor," the ambassador says. "This is a gosh-darn political kidnapping. We're *supposed* to be mistreated. How would it look if we were served whatever the heck we have a taste for?"

"I should think that if I were hostessing a kidnapping, I'd be embarrassed to serve dried beef and crackers!"

"Dearest, all around the world my colleagues are being abused by terrorists," he says. "This is a big break for me, careerwise. This is what I've been waiting for. Why, it'd do me good if Hernando, here, would clomp me on the noggin with his weapon so that I could have a lump to show around Washington."

They spat out for the better part of an hour. I felt awful uncomfortable listening in on it all. Especially when I was asked for an opinion on whether or not the ambassador should have stayed with the family business in Philadelphia or on whether or not

*continued on page 16*



"Do I look okay, Raymond?" she says to the ambassador.

"Bully," he says to her. And then he says to me, "Are we taking your car, or would you like to steal an embassy vehicle?"

We took our victims up to the mountains overlooking Uno Pasa. We could practically see the embassy compound from the mouth of the cave we were holed up in. The plan was for me to stay with the Redmunds while Jorge went back down and notified the proper parties that we were holding hostages and would kill them if our demands were not met within forty-eight hours.

"Could you stop by the embassy

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Our expert engineers have used advanced Sansui technologies to produce a new series of Select Systems that give you purest high fidelity with minimum fuss.

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Sansui's new direct-drive automatic **FR-D3 turntable** tracks your records with unusual precision, and its controls are conveniently outside the dustcover. The Dolbyized **D-90 cassette deck**, a convenient front-loader, has bias and EQ switches to match standard and high performance tapes. And when you connect it to a timer, it'll make recordings while you're away.

To deliver the music, we've provided a pair of our fine 3-way acoustic suspension **SPA-3700 speakers**, with great power and clarity over the entire frequency spectrum and special controls to match the sound to your listening environment.

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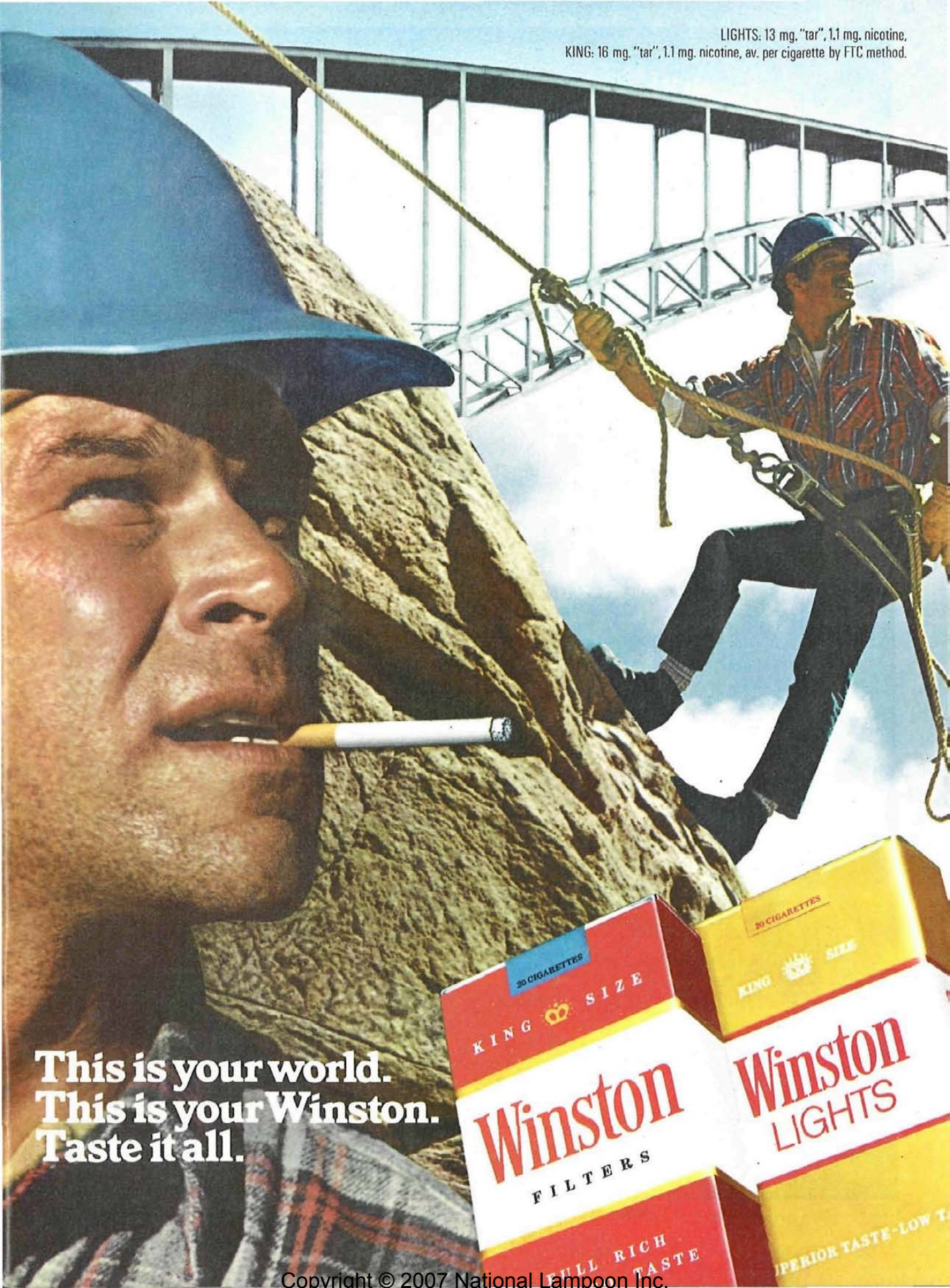
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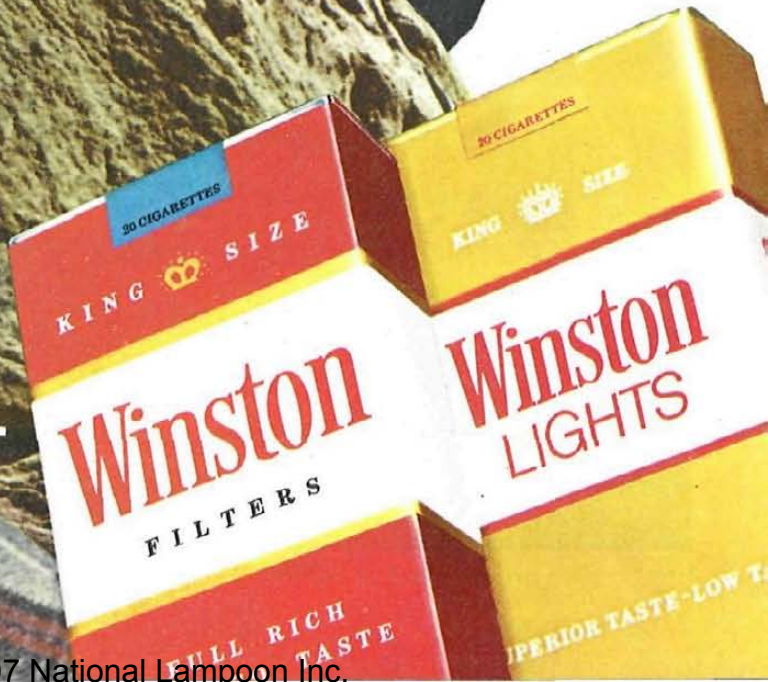
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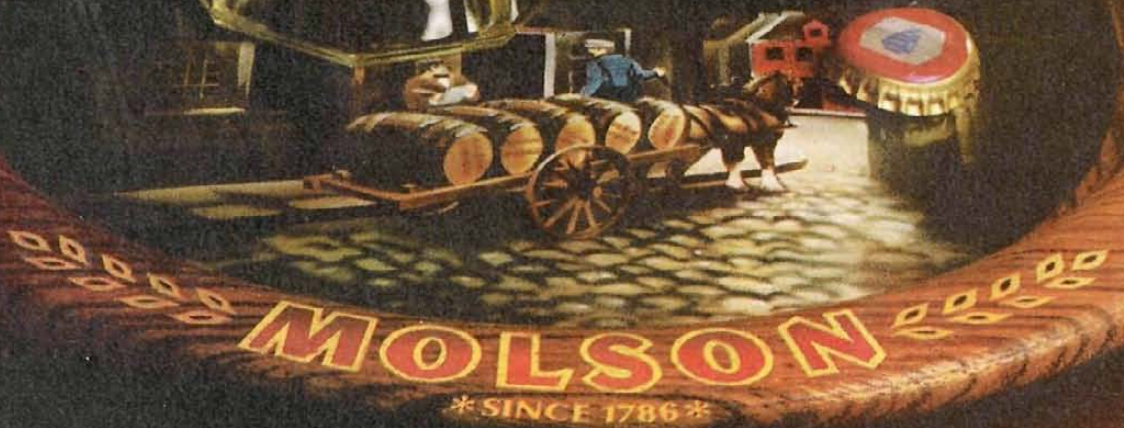


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Sirs:

Do you know what we do in the mornings? Nancy goes into the kitchen and bends over the stove with her nightie way up, and I come up behind her and say "Surprise!" And she says, "Who could that be?" And then I say, in my deepest voice, "It's Mr. Muscle!" Then she says the rest of the commercial. But I have never once considered turning the stove on while her head's there. Well, maybe once. But not seriously.

Henry Kissinger  
Home for Senile Former VIPs

Sirs:

Can you tell me how a guy becomes a gynecologist? Is it hard? Do you have to work and study a lot, like regular doctors, or what? I'd like to know because the job really turns me on.

Buddy LeFebre  
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

When is the government going to come to its senses about Indian eyewear? Someone in the BIA is apparently issuing a modern type of tortoiseshell frame, with the big rectangular lenses, like Harry Reasoner had about five years ago; and, frankly, Harry Reasoner looked real stupid in them, not to mention thousands of pulp-faced reservation Indians. I mean, those people don't even talk after the age of ten, so what the fuck is the government doing, giving them a goddamn personality with rip-off designer glasses? Why not dig conversation pits in the middle of their goddamn hogans so they can really sparkle? Next time you see a Navajo on the six o'clock news grunting out the trouble his people are having with white man's corn disease ravaging the fucking canyon they're living in, take a look at his glasses and ask yourself what asshole in Washington gave them to him and, moreover, if anyone who doesn't mind looking that ridiculous is worth saving from corn disease.

A Concerned Individual  
United States

Sirs:

If I'm dead or still in real critical condition when this issue of the magazine comes out, please don't print the punch line to the following joke:

"How many Negro comedians does it take to make a gram of free base?..."

Richard Pryor  
Northridge, Cal.

Sirs:

Wow, if all that stuff happened to Richard Pryor while he was just making free base, can you imagine what would have happened to Robert Oppenheimer if he'd been wearing a polyester shirt when he set off the first A-bomb?

John F. Ahearne  
Nuclear Regulatory Commission  
Washington, DC

Sirs:

We quit. Everybody told us, Be patient. The shows and movies will get better. The ceremonies will improve. They'll be tasteful—you'll see. Well, we have been patient, and that's it. The awards ceremonies are just as stupid now as they've ever been. It's degrading, if you must know. From now on, we're going back to reading books.

Oscar, Emmy, Tony, and Grammy  
Chasen's/Sardi's  
LA/NY

Sirs:

As you know, this network was assailed by the Saudi Arabian government prior to our broadcast of "Death of a Princess." They claimed the American public has no accurate base of information about Arab culture and, as a consequence, was unable to properly assess a film of such "narrow and provocative dimensions." Accordingly, the management of PBS requests that your magazine publish the following educational background material in hopes our program will be cast in a larger, fairer perspective:

1) Arabs are an inveterately dishonest and thieving group of people.

2) Arabs have no regard for the lives of others and only a passing regard for their own.

3) Arabs are commonly unctuous to the touch.

4) Arabs have wildly erratic and unstable emotions, which are liable to override their behavior at any moment, no matter how untimely, irrational, or unfortunate the result.

We thank you for your attention to this minilesson in Arabian culture and trust the American people will now review their impressions of our film in a broader and more informed context.

Public Broadcasting Service  
Avenue of the Grants and Tote Bags  
Washington, DC  
continued on page 18



# Can This Marriage Be Saved?

by Brian McCormick

They had the perfect marriage: two children, a ranch-style duplex, three cars in the icbox, an ex-Nazi stalking them night and day.

Statistics tell the story: 35 percent, 67 percent, 93 percent.

The sad fact is that they doomed themselves to divorce when they made the mistake of having children. Children and marriage, boxing and driving, drinking and reading—each is a deadly combination that spells "trouble" with a capital "e."

In an effort to head off the problem, federal agencies are offering free trips to the reptile gardens along I-95 to those parents who use contraceptives. Despite the increased availability of contraceptives, the number ofceptions continues to rise at an alarming rate. But, on the other hand, by 1984 over one-half of the nation's births will be contraceptive in nature. The US Census Bureau expects the population by 1990 to be composed of men, women, people, and contrapeople, most of whom will be serious paper cuts or large, wild character actors like Fernando Lamas.

Contrapeople are in the fore of things to come because they eat less than people do and are polite if treated with the proper industrial chemicals.

Unwanted babies, already a surly lot, will gather in baby ghettos, where they will develop a tough but meaningful street culture. Sporadic baby riots will keep police and wet nurses manning the barricades. Whenever an unwanted baby is born, doctors will cut the umbilical cord so it can't call out for help.

Premature babies, the tragic result

of premature ejaculation, will find themselves the victims of premature senility. Premature senility will be redefined as postmature adulthood so children won't lose respect for their elders.

Unborn babies will mature into unborn adults, who will serve society's ends by becoming the unemployed and unemployers of tomorrow.

Catholic families will be distinguished by the number of abortions they've had. Jewish families will pack their abortions off to graduate school, where they will major in reverse psychology and asociology. Protestant families will eke out an honest profit by selling placenta-based rug shampoos. It all points to a new Gothic Sociology.

Women today are postponing motherhood in favor of their careers. A woman's place is in the home construction business. Rather than take a chance with a man, they marry their jobs.

One woman married her job, then found out it was a homosexual. It loved only other jobs. As soon as the woman was past check-bearing age, the job dumped her. After the divorce, the job got custody of the kids. It watched them grow from hobbies into livelihoods and, finally, mature and loving careers.

Today the two-career marriage is all the rage. Lovers submit applications, interview, make an offer, and begin dating. If they fall in love, they give each other tax breaks. Soon they marry and have dividends.

Things don't always work out for the best, however. Take the following

anonymous case history: "Sure, I had a two-career marriage. My wife had two careers. But the pressure was too much for her. I began to find claw marks on the inside of the aspirin bottle. We thought the baby would bring us together. Instead it just lay there crying all day. It didn't lift a finger to save our marriage. Then everything fell apart when our beds averted for a separation. We tried to talk them out of it, but they felt they needed the time apart to get their bedspreads together. My bed took the next room; hers started hanging out at yard sales. With no place left to sleep together, our marriage disintegrated."

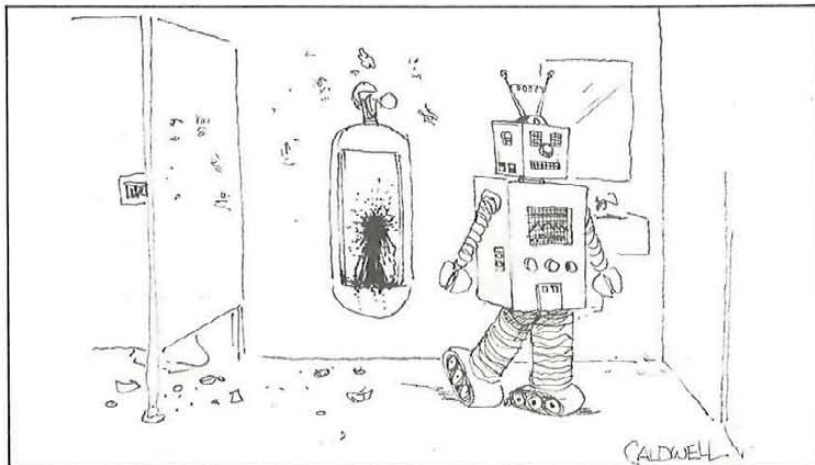
Furniture is not always the problem. Sometimes the problem is inside us. Consider the allergist who married one of his patients, a human claw hammer in a circus show. Everything was fine until the claw hammer took up with a tree. The allergist flipped his wig when he realized his wife had been breathing pollen behind his back, actually gulping down tree sperm twenty-four hours a day. Their marriage collapsed when he finally admitted to himself that we are all guilty of having arboreal oral sex.

No matter how you look at it, marriage is a dirty business. During the ceremony the ushers dress like hoodlums, the women throw things at each other, and everyone wears gloves. The perfect marriage, like the perfect murder, has no witnesses.

It wasn't always this way. Marriage used to mean something. When the king of England took the queen of France as his bride, two great nation-states were united on the marriage bed. Today we face the possibility of a marriage between another two great states: If Governor Jerry Brown weds Governor Ella Grasso, California and Connecticut will become one. Should they raise a common army against Kansas, another feudal interstate freight and trucking war may play havoc with TV reception in the area.

The marriage of states notwithstanding, the state of marriage is a bust. The institution of marriage should be put in an institution. Let's face it—marriage is one long divorce proceeding.

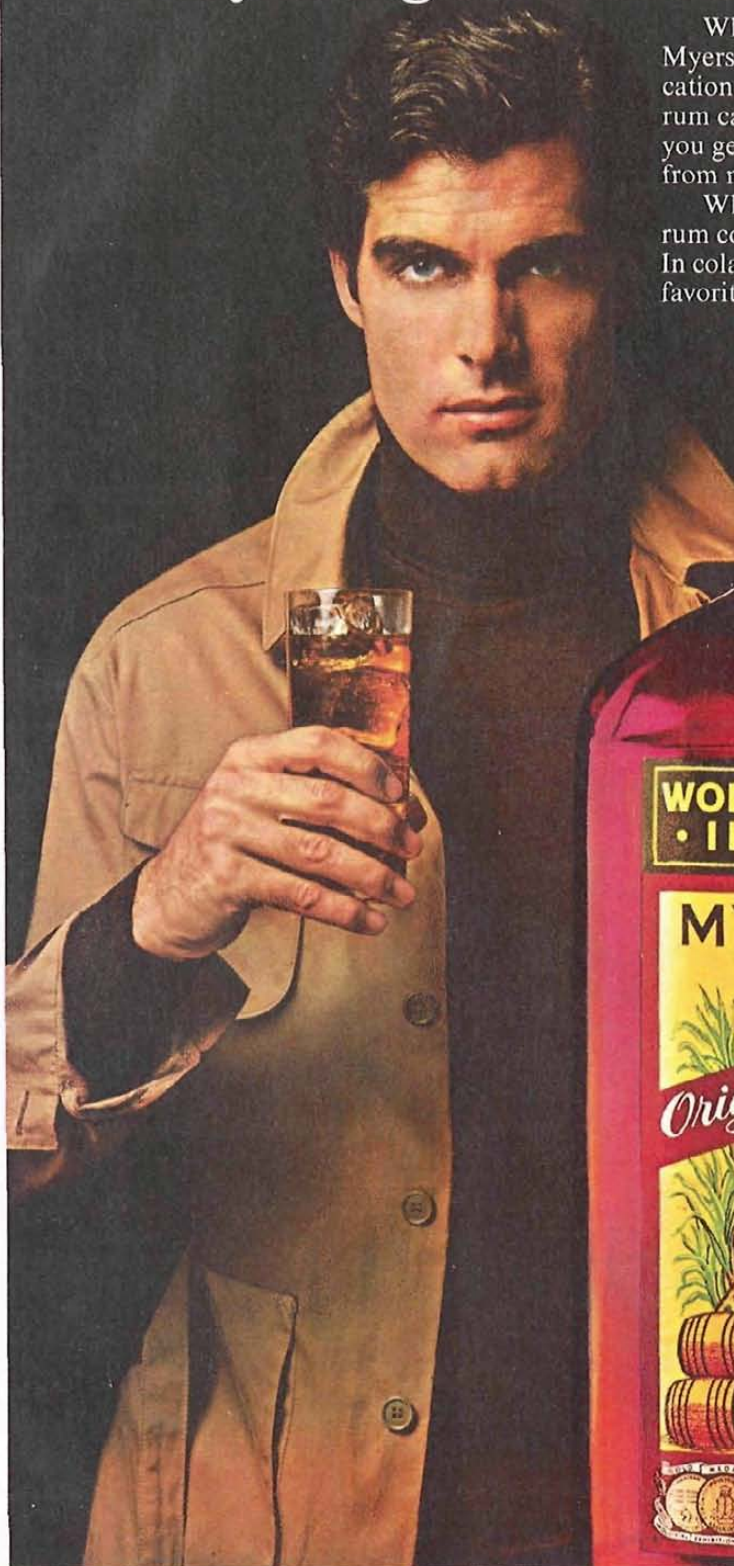
Once you're married, all you can do is try to stay together for the sake of the stereo. If that won't work, simply dismantle the kids, put the lawyers in a weather balloon, then file for a divorce from reality. If anyone asks you, you lost your visiting rights in the settlement. □



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# Real-Life Aggression

by Gerald Sussman

On May 20, 1980, at approximately 2:20 in the afternoon, a 1978 Oldsmobile Cutlass driven by Sam Grubstein was moving slowly in the parking lot of the Plaza Shopping Mall, in West Palm Beach, Florida. Grubstein was looking for a space as close as possible to the Thrifty Drug Store. Morris Kubersky, driving a 1977 Chevrolet Malibu, was moving in the same lane, but in the opposite direction, also looking for a parking space. Both Grubstein and Kubersky saw the same opening and headed for it. Kubersky moved faster and turned into the spot just a second before Grubstein. But Grubstein was also making his turn and could not stop. The cars collided, with Grubstein hitting Kubersky's left rear door. The two adjoining parked cars were not damaged. Neither Mr. and Mrs. Kubersky nor Mr. and Mrs. Grubstein, the passengers, were injured by the crash.

The testimony of two eyewitnesses, Ms. Betty Kornfeld and Mr. Shelly Shapiro, of Delray Beach, concurred that although Kubersky was driving in the wrong lane, he was closer to the parking spot than Grubstein. Both agreed that, at the point close to entry,

the spot belonged to "one or the other...depending on the judgment and decision of the two drivers." Unfortunately, each driver decided that the open spot belonged to him alone.

After the crash the passengers disembarked from the two vehicles, and, according to Ms. Kornfeld, Mr. Shapiro, and several other eyewitnesses, this is what transpired:

Mr. Grubstein wanted to know if Mr. Kubersky was blind, and how long he had been driving a car. He also told Mr. Kubersky that he was driving in the wrong direction. Mr. Kubersky told Mr. Grubstein that his license should be taken away, that he was a menace on the road, and said, "Look what you did to my car...you smashed in my left rear door and fender."

Mr. Grubstein said that Kubersky was lucky his whole car wasn't smashed to pieces, that he had no right to use that space, that he was coming from the wrong direction. Mr. Kubersky answered that he was only a few feet in the wrong lane, that he had that spot picked out, that he was already in it, and that Grubstein saw all this and still continued to drive into the spot he was already occupying. Kubersky asked Grubstein if he was

ever "a tank driver," because he drove like one.

The next series of verbal exchanges were delivered simultaneously and in an ever increasing intensity of tone, with both wives joining the argument. The words "shitheel" and "shitass" were used by both parties. Other frequently used phrases were "You belong in a crazy house," "You should drop dead on the spot," and "You miserable son of a bitch, bastard, cocksucker."

None of the witnesses claims to have seen who struck the first blow. The first sign of an injury was heavy bleeding from Kubersky's nose. Grubstein landed several good punches to Kubersky's face. Meanwhile, Mrs. Kubersky ran to her car, opened the trunk, and returned with a large wrench, which she used to hit Grubstein on the back of his left shoulder and neck. Mrs. Grubstein was screaming for help, but before anyone could separate the men Kubersky's right ear was nearly torn off and he was bleeding profusely from his nose and a cut on his forehead. Grubstein became so enraged that he started to foam at the mouth and his body shook with convulsions. He tried to wrestle the wrench away from Mrs. Kubersky and managed to kick her in the abdomen, sending her to the ground.

At this time, two members of the Pantry Pride security police and a policeman from the Florida Federal Savings and Loan Association arrived and managed to separate the two men. Grubstein, however, could not stop his convulsions. About one minute later, he suffered a massive stroke. Mr. and Mrs. Kubersky were in a state of severe shock and had to be admitted to the West Palm Beach General Hospital with Mr. Grubstein.

When the West Palm Beach police arrived for testimony, they estimated that the Plaza Mall parking lot could accommodate approximately twenty-five hundred cars. At the time of the fight, about twenty-two hundred parking spots were not being used.

Mr. Grubstein eventually made a partial recovery from his stroke but was still paralyzed on his left side. His speech was severely impaired and he required the assistance of a registered nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Kubersky recovered from their injuries. Both parties became involved in extensive litigation.

Although both couples live in a re-continued on page 39



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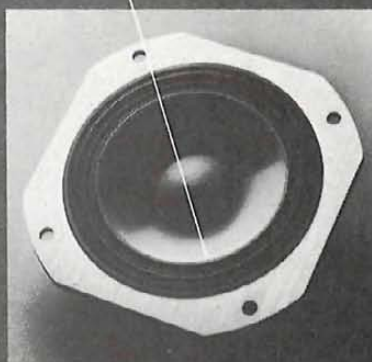
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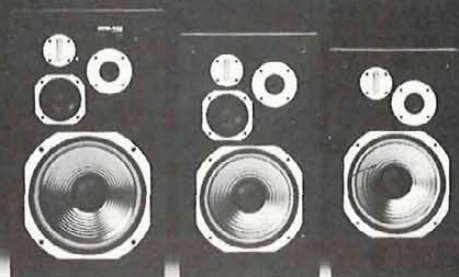
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# MY STRUGGLE

THE SEQUEL TO *WILL*

## G. GORDON LIDDY

1

After my release from prison in September of 1977 I had a number of high-priority tasks to accomplish. For one thing, Fran and I had almost no money at all; I had invested what few thousand dollars we had in a well-stocked first-aid kit, one that included many miles of gauze bandage, gallons of Merthiolate, and several hundred pounds of burn salves.

I felt this was essential preparation for the weeks, possibly months, of

will conditioning that lay ahead. I was now an ex-convict, and the search for a new job and adjustment to life "outside" would surely require that I temper my will even more. That would mean subjecting every square inch of my body to burning, mutilation, perhaps even amputation with a rusty butter knife.

I further decided that it was not merely enough to build up my will. I recalled from memory my childhood resolve to turn myself into a machine. I reasoned that such a campaign had served me well then, when I was just starting out as a boy. Similarly, now that I was beginning my "new" life after the Watergate episode, such a program might be profitably employed.

I began, therefore, to practice what I called my "machine walk." Instead of bending my legs at the knee, like other walkers, I developed a stiff-legged, marching-tempo style of gait, lifting each leg from the hip and keeping it ramrod stiff at all times.

While I pursued these private regimens of discipline, I made inquiries among people I had worked for about employment. My first telephone call was to John Mitchell.

I was informed that Mitchell was

unable to speak to me, because he was in prison. However, his secretary said that Mitchell had left her strict instructions on what to do should I ever wish to contact him.

"Mr. Mitchell's instructions came by letter," she said. "I'll read them to you. He says, 'If Liddy calls, tell him I don't ever want to have anything to do with him for as long as I live.'"

I thanked her and hung up. I understood all too well what Mitchell was saying to me. The first part of the message, "If Liddy calls," was a subtle acknowledgment that Mitchell expected me to contact him, ergo, that I was still "on the team." The "I don't ever want to have anything to do with him" segment meant that the need for secrecy and "deniability" in our relationship was unchanged. Finally, the "for as long as I live" part meant that should Mitchell die in prison (either by his own hand, through accident, or through enemy action), he would do his best to contact me from the spirit world.

This was encouraging but did little to solve the basic job problem. Also, Fran was increasingly worried about our family, and my absence. I told her that I would be no good at home if I had no job and that, anyway, I had

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specifically selected her to be my wife because of her excellent genes. I was not worried about my family, I assured her. She wept in quiet agreement.

Next on my list was John Ehrlichman, to whom I decided to pay a visit at his retreat in New Mexico. In case he wanted me to perform an assassination, I took along a 4-mm German-manufactured Walther LP air pistol.

Ehrlichman's maid directed me to a hill overlooking a deserted valley, where Ehrlichman often went to meditate and take notes for his writing projects. As I trudged up the hill, he saw me coming. I tossed him a salute, throwing my right arm straight out, palm down.

"My God, Gordon?" Ehrlichman said. "What the hell are you doing here?"

I answered, "It is my duty to serve you, sir."

"What?" he said. "Are you insane?"

"I wish to serve," I said. "I am in need of employment—"

"Oh! Of course. Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help you. I don't have much need for a man of your...uh...skills."

"Perhaps there is someone you wish executed?"

"What?! Christ almighty, Gordon, don't be ridiculous."

I was unable to persuade Ehrlichman to accept my offer of service—at least for the moment. I understood his dilemma: he was almost certainly being observed, possibly bugged, by agents of the Democratic party, and any close contact with me might jeopardize whatever clandestine activities he was engaged in. I thanked him and left.

2

It occurred to me that Jeb Magruder might have, or know of, a possible job I could fill. I disliked Magruder—I found him cowardly, dishonest, and interested only in protecting his ass in times of trouble—but we had worked together for some time, and I reasoned that he could be used for my own ends.

I saw nothing hypocritical in this. It reminded me of something my father once told me. He was a combative, vain, sensitive, demanding, aloof, and cruel parent. I loved him dearly. One time, when I was three or four, and unable to sleep because I felt an illogical terror at the shadow of a tree branch on the shade of my bedroom window, he heard my pathetic whimpering and came in to console me. He turned on the light, showed me that it

was only the branch of a tree and not a "monster," as I had gibbered in my sniveling and contemptible child's way, and then said, "Make maximum use of your resources. Please never forget that a rational examination of the fear object is as valid a tool as a weapon. Use rationality as a resource." Then he hit me.

Rational assessment of the problem revealed to the mind of my brain that Magruder, although himself a weakling, could be of use to me. After assuring Fran that I would soon be home for good, I tracked down Magruder in Sacramento, California, where he was working as a consultant to a defense contractor. I was armed, in case of trouble: I packed two Lugers in caliber 9-mm, plus my beloved Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum revolver with 3.5-inch barrel, quick-draw ramp, front and adjustable rear sights, wide-hammer spur, and grip filler.

Magruder's secretary informed him on the phone intercom that I was in his office, then looked up at me and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Magruder isn't in just now."

"Balls, honey," I sneered, and strode past her and through the office door.

He was there, all right. He blanched as he saw me enter.

"Gordon! Uh...hey, it's great to see you! I heard you were out of...uh...jail..."

"Get this, Magruder," I said. "I'm here to offer you something."

"Huh—?"

"I'm offering you, or your principals, a full-capability intelligence-gathering unit with all-out offensive and defensive information-gathering and covert-action potential—"

"Gordon, you're kidding."

I strode over to the pipsqueak's desk and bent down over him, glaring. I stared deeply into his eyes, rolled up my jacket and shirt sleeve, and said quietly, "I'll show you who's kidding. Give me a match."

"Geez, Gordon," he stammered.

"You know I don't smoke anymore."

"You must have a match somewhere. A lighter?"

"Sorry."

"Get one from your secretary, then."

"She doesn't smoke, either."

I realized at that point that the worm was terrified at any manifestation of my will. "Very well," I said, still locking my gaze to his. "Give me your stapler."

"It's broken. I threw it away. I have to get a new one."

"A letter opener."

"Don't have one."

"A sharp pencil, then."

"Sorry, they're all sort of blunt."

"A paper clip."

"I use this neat gadget; it clips the papers together by just pressing the—"

"Pair of scissors."

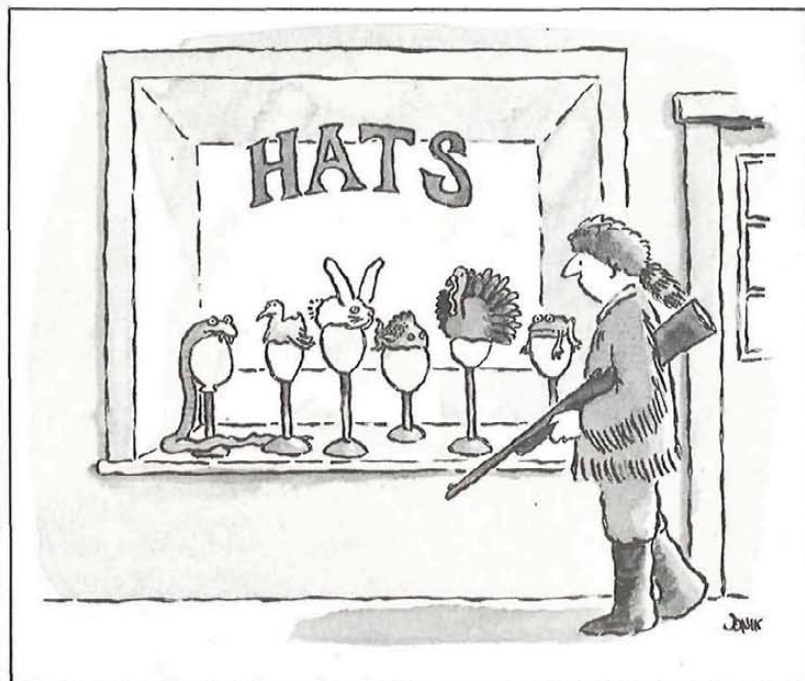
"Nope."

"Fingernail clippers."

"I use a manicurist."

I was getting nowhere. The man was a fool.

*continued on page 19*



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## EDITORIAL

continued from page 4

Mrs. Redmund was a stand-by-her-man type of wife. Frankly, I told the two of them, I didn't care a nit either way, and that just put me on the outs with both of them and they swore they wouldn't speak to me so long as they lived. Unfortunately, they didn't keep their promise.

"Say, Hernando, you wouldn't happen to have a board I could sleep on? Bad back, you know," the ambassador says.

It took nearly an hour of busting up crates and boxes to find a board that wouldn't give him a splinter, and all the while Mrs. Redmund was chattering like a monkey.

"We had a cleaning lady when we lived in Boston who had your last name," she says. "She was sweet, but she couldn't polish silver. Oh, she could, she just didn't want to. I hope you're not related. Of course, being related doesn't mean you'll have her shortcomings. It's like the Horace Dodges. You know them, don't you? Of Dodge auto fame?"

"No," I says. "I don't know them."

"Well, they were very good friends of the Reeds. Now that's the Shaker Heights Reeds, not the Houston Reeds. The Houston Reeds were oil, and the Shaker Heights Reeds were business equipment."

"They were not," the ambassador says. "Alton Reed started the Reed Tractor Company. They were in farm equipment."

"I beg your pardon, Father," Mrs. Redmund says. "I went to school with Winnie Reed, and they were in business equipment. You're probably thinking of the *Reedmans* of Milwaukee. They had something to do with farming."

"They were in *shipping*!"

It went on like that for most of the night. I tried to get them to rest, but Mrs. Redmund said that the cave smelled bad and that she couldn't sleep for wondering what sort of thing caused it to smell so bad.

"No," she says. "I'd really rather visit with you. It's so seldom that I get a chance to talk to anyone on this island."

Just before sunup she told me that, after the kidnapping was done with, she'd like to have a party for my wife and me, and when I told her I wasn't married she said I might like the downstairs maid back at the embassy.

"She's a real go-getter," she says. "And a talented pianist."

Around noon the next day I was up a tree, searching for a ripe banana for Mrs. Redmund's brunch, when I spotted Jorge coming up the road. I shinned down the tree and ran to meet him.

"Well?" I says.

The answer was all over Jorge's face.

"They laughed," he says. "They laughed and thanked me for getting the Redmunds out of the embassy."

"What?"

"That's right," Jorge says. "They were planning to close the embassy anyway, and they didn't know how to get rid of Redmund, on account of he made an illegal campaign contribution to get the post."

"They can't do that!"

I figured that Jorge must have been pretty unconvincing on the telephone or that he got some of the details tangled up, so I told him to entertain the Redmunds while I went down and gave it a try. And try I did.

When I got back to the cave about sundown, the ambassador greeted me and asked if any marines had landed or if there was any evidence of a naval blockade. I felt pretty miserable telling him I didn't see anything military.

"Has the UN met over this thing?" he says. "The economic screws being tightened?"

"I don't think so," I says. "But they probably will."

"You have to understand, Hernando," the ambassador says. "I don't want any of your countrymen killed; it's just that some sort of price must be paid for taking an American ambassador. Don't you agree?"

I told him I supposed so, and then I asked where Mrs. Redmund and Jorge were.

"Mrs. Redmund was telling Jorge about her collection of lace, and Jorge said that his grandmother had a lovely lace veil, and from his description Mrs. Redmund thought it might be Venetian rose point, which she is quite fond of, and they went over to take a look at it. They should be back soon. I've been busy drafting a letter to the *Washington Post*, outlining our ordeal."

He sat down on the bumper of my jeep.

"You know," he says, "maybe the military is having trouble finding a staging area for the invasion and rescue."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I says.

After Jorge and Mrs. Redmund returned and we ate the supper Jorge's grandmother made, I asked if Jorge

and I could have a moment alone.

"Why, of course," the ambassador says. "I imagine you have to work out some new, get-tough strategy so we get some action, huh?"

Me and Jorge walked down the mountain a bit until we were sure we were out of earshot.

"I talked to Washington," I says.

"Yeah? And..."

"And they want us to kill the Redmunds?"

"We can't do that!" Jorge says, real nervous and white in the face. "Sure she talks too much, and he's kind of a bothersome old fool, but they're nice folks. You know, Mrs. Redmund told my grandmother that for her upcoming silver wedding anniversary she'd have a full official reception at the embassy for her. Now that's awful nice of her, isn't it?"

I had no such idea to kill those people; in fact, I felt downright guilty I'd gotten them involved in the whole mess to begin with.

"We're just going to have to let them go," Jorge says.

"We can't do that," I says.

Jorge lowered his AK-17 and pointed her right at my belly. "You touch one hair on their heads and I'll put a hole in you so big you could jump a dog through it!"

"I don't want to kill them!" I says. "Fact is, the CIA is already planning on it, on account of the illegal campaign contribution. Plus, we can't just let them go; it's going to break the ambassador's heart, knowing his government is taking advantage of him to trim their budget. So I made a deal!"

"What kind of deal?"

"I told Washington that if they let the Redmunds go back to the embassy, and if they wouldn't let on that they didn't give a darn about him, we'd help stage a coup and put Diego back in power."

"Put Diego back in power?"

"And let the US reestablish their base at Adelante Bay?"

"After all we did to get Diego out of office, we're going to put him back in?"

"It's either that or..."

I know it sounds crazy, but there wasn't much choice. Without the coup, the ambassador would be dead, if not by heartbreak then by some kind of poison dart or mysterious explosion. And Jorge and me knew that despite their spats and their near-constant bickering, without the ambassador the old gal wouldn't last too long.

"Well, folks," I says. "Your govern-

ment's going to invade the island and blow it to smithereens if we don't let you go. So we're going to let you go."

"I hate to be a poor sport, fellas, but you can't pull this sort of thing on the USA," the ambassador says.

"Nope," I says. "Foolish to even try."

We got the Redmunds back to the embassy in the early evening, and they insisted we stay for coffee and a game or two of cribbage. At about midnight, Jorge and I said that it had been a long two days and asked if we might not look at the family albums another time.

"I want to thank you fellas for the adventure," the ambassador says. "It's something to remember always."

"Have your grandmother get in touch with me," Mrs. Redmund says to Jorge. "I'll need to know her color scheme and floral preference."

We got into the jeep and left to set up things for the coup, which, by the way, went off without a hitch, not a soul even injured. Our revolutionary brothers gave up without much of a fight, and Diego was back in office and US ships were steaming back into the harbor before we knew it. As it turns out, Diego isn't such a bad guy. In fact, he made Jorge and me generals in his army. The silver anniversary party was just plain splendid, and I ended up meeting and marrying that downstairs maid. And she certainly does have a special talent for the piano.

J.H.

## Fun Fax:

Several hundred South American Indians ordered office equipment last year from a mail-order firm in West Virginia.

If a team of oxen pulled a medieval moldboard plow down the aisle of a 747, stewardesses would have to build a temporary ramp to move the food cart.

An adult Persian cat standing beneath the nose of an A-7 fighter as it starts to taxi could run ahead of it for eighteen seconds before being sucked into the engine.

The state of Oregon has no law against selling grain futures after dark.

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## LETTERS

continued from page 9

Sirs:

This morning I was run over by a giant tire. It happened when my husband, who was preparing for spring planting by rotating the tires on the tractor, lost control of one of them just as I was walking past him to empty the slop bucket. Then he got all mad at me because I let it roll right over me and onto the field, where it got stuck in a pile of manure. He thinks I should have tried to catch it, but, my God, the damn thing's seven feet high! Now he says I have to drag it out of the manure. I said I would, but only if I could shoot it first. I mean, what if the screwy thing should decide to run over me again? He says I should quit being a coward, that I should be able to outsmart a tire, and that it would be no good to him full of holes.

So now I've got an angry husband and a body covered with giant tread marks, and I have to go out in a pile of cow shit and fight in hand-to-hand combat with a big, crazy, runaway tire.

Have you ever had one of those days?

Betty Lou Kale  
Farm Country, Iowa

Sirs:

I know what you guys are all thinking. You're thinking, "He's so mean to those poor orphan pigs," and, "He's so mean to his poor idiot wife!" Well, let me tell you, life isn't too easy for me, either.

How would you like to be a farmer with hay fever? I mean, what with my runny nose and watery eyes and those stupid pigs, whose guts pop out of their assholes every time they sneeze. You should have seen the action around here during the cold and flu season! Or how would you like to be a beef and pork producer with the soul of a vegetarian? Do you know what it does to me when I look at that hamburger or pork chop on my plate and know that that's really Wilbur and old Bossy lying there?

And as if that weren't bad enough, now someone's gone and shot the dick off my prize bull. Either that or the sucker fell down and snapped it off. Either way, thousands of dollars worth of dick are gone.

Is it any wonder I get mad when my wife lets my tractor-tires get stuck in cow shit? Is it any wonder I take out my aggressions by beating up the pigs?

Farmer Mike Kale  
Farm Country, Iowa

Sirs:

After I wrote *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies* and all those other rather brilliant little novels, I didn't die, you know. That was just a rumour that I started so I could move to Hollywood and write lurid film scripts and not be bothered by anyone for doing so. I wrote *Chain Saw Massacre* and *The Toolbox Murders* and lots more that you didn't know about because I use pseudonyms. And guess what? It's exactly what I've always wanted to do and I'm having a jolly good time doing it and I never did give a nymphet's downy cunt hair about serious literature anyhow. Ta.

Evelyn Waugh  
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

The rumor that my deceased brother, Henry, screwed two pack-horses and a mule while at a Montana dude ranch is simply not true. He screwed only one packhorse, and it was me that screwed that mule. Big mother, too. And Greddy Garvel tried to screw a hand-operated water pump, but it was rusty and he got hepatitis—not to mention the nickname Pumpfucker.

Norbert Bumbleshoot  
Friendly Game Farm  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sirs:

Would like to be overthrowing government of the Liberia, please, from Sergeant Samuel Doe who had me on KP and latrine duty, personal, so many times. Such tragedy for my great nation Liberia so tall and free, for these Sergeant Doe to have the charge of it, such a personal-nasty man. And the most little bloodshed when I running things, hardly any, except the Sergeant Doe he be house arrested in the crocodile pit. Nothing mean, mind, but to him I say banana oil.

Ex-Private "Parts" Mbongo  
(but up for promotion)  
United States of Liberia

Sirs:

Queen Elizabeth and I are having a difference of opinion as to the meaning of the word "lampoon." The queen believes it is a hooked instrument used to light street lamps, while I think it is a sort of spear that one throws at live sheep. Now, you silly boys, which of us is right?

Meg Thatcher  
London, England  
continued on page 30

## MY STRUGGLE

continued from page 15

"What's that?" I pointed to a massive book lying on the top shelf of a bookcase.

"That? That's the Sacramento phone book."

"Give it to me."

Trembling, Magruder reached over and handed me the book. Then, very deliberately, without removing my eyes from his disbelieving stare, I began methodically ripping the phone book into strips and eating them. Between mouthfuls I hissed, "I don't think you quite got the message, little man. I don't kid!"

3

I decided to ask Bernard Barker, one of our Watergate team, if he knew of any opportunities in which I could exploit my training and skills to their fullest. Fran continued to plead with me to come home for an extended stay, but I had a job to find first. The poor girl sobbed a bit on the phone, and said something about our youngest son, but I knew she understood.

Barker had returned to Miami after his release from prison, and it took only a few discreet inquiries to learn that he was living with his daughter and son-in-law in the rear of a small bakery in the "Little Havana" section of the city.

Barker was exceedingly warm and cordial when I showed up at the store. He ushered me past the customers buying their loaves of bread and cheap sweet rolls and into a comfortable apartment in the rear. His daughter, Anita, served us cold beer while we caught up on our various prison experiences. Finally he said to me, "So, what is it you wish of me?"

"Macho," I said, employing the nickname he had been called by the other Cubans, "I need a job."

He smiled, then shrugged. "I am no longer in the work of spying and soldiering, my friend."

I knew immediately that he was being professionally cautious. It was possible that the bakery was bugged, that advanced monitoring and recording devices were trained on us at that very moment.

"Ah, yes," I said, winking.

"It is true," he said convincingly. "I am a baker now. I am learning to make bagels. Many Jewish customers, even in Havana Pequeña."

"I see," I said. "Perhaps I too can 'learn to make bagels'...?"

"We have need for only one maker

of bagels here. *Lo siento.*" He excused himself and went into the shop to settle an argument between Anita and a customer. She retreated to the apartment—a small, rather plain girl with dark hair and dark eyes. I decided to broach the subject with her.

"Anita," I began. "I would like to offer my services to your organization."

"Como?" she replied. I admired her caution.

"I'm talking about a full-scale intelligence and counterintelligence operation," I whispered.

"For the bakery?"

"Yes, for 'the bakery,'" I nodded, grinning. I began sketching out a basic flowchart. "An all-out, full-capability, offensive and defensive intelligence service with sophisticated clandestine collection techniques and covert actions, maximum technical and electronic flexibility, with adequate potential for surreptitious—"

"Como?"

I stopped. It suddenly occurred to me that I had made a dreadful mistake. Anita's incessant questions could mean only one thing: she was an operative for the enemy. She was leading me on, getting me to reveal my full

plan for whatever recording devices were trained on "the bakery." I mumbled something about having to make a phone call, crumpled the flowchart into a ball, ate it, and left.

4

When I arrived back home, Fran was in a terrible state. It was our youngest son. Something had happened....

"What?" I snapped. I hadn't carefully chosen Fran and planned the excellence of our family gene pool for something to suddenly "happen." I wanted to know the worst.

She hesitated, then said, "He was caught with another boy. At school. Something about...homosexual..." She broke down, sobbing.

To comfort her I sang gently a song I used to sing to her during the Watergate troubles of the early seventies. It was from a Mel Brooks movie. I adapted the lyrics to suit ourselves.

*Springtime*

*For Liddys*

*In Washington...*

As I sang, a mighty thundering chorus joined me in my mind:

*Springtime*

*For Gordon*

*And Fran...*

*continued*

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## MY STRUGGLE

continued

That evening, as the entire family sat down to dinner, I greeted my offspring in the customary manner, then called for quiet. I told them I had been informed that a member of the family had been apprehended in the act of displaying deviant behavior. While my youngest son blushed and stammered, my oldest boy spoke up.

"Geez, Dad," he said. "You can't blame him—I mean, like, you've been in prison all during his puberty. My teacher says that Freud says that without a strong male role model—"

"I am not interested in what Freud says," I replied, fire in my eyes. I stood up, reached into my inside jacket pockets, and kept my hands concealed therein. "I'm afraid," I said to my youngest son, "that we're going to have to let you go. Your services as a youngest son are no longer required in this family."

"Huh?" he said pathetically.

"Don't act dumb with me, youngster," I said coolly. "I prefer to deal with professionals, who perform their jobs in good faith. This fairy stuff doesn't cut it. Out."

"Gordon, you can't—" my wife began.

"Bet your ass I can, kid," I told her. Then I locked eyes with the other children. "Anybody here doesn't like it?"

"Yeah," one of my sons said, and my daughters both nodded.

"Fine," I said, pulling the weapons out of my jacket. "See these? This is a Colt 'Detective Special' revolver in .38 Special caliber, with two-inch barrel and grip filler. And this is a 7.65-mm Colt hammerless semiautomatic. And the other one is a 9-mm parabellum Browning with fourteen-round capacity and adjustable sights. Shall I demonstrate their lethal capabilities on you?"

"But, Dad—" one of them said.

"That's it!" I screamed. "You're all fired! Get out!"

The children slowly rose from the table and, casting puzzled or frightened glances at me, left. Only Fran was left.

"How about you?" I said to her.

"You can't fire me," she whispered.

"I quit." She too got up from the table and left. Soon I heard them all get into the car and drive away.

"Well!" I said out loud, perhaps to

myself, perhaps to the guns. "Let's eat!" I piled the food high on my plate, and as I ate lustily I felt triumph surge within me. I had ridded myself of all illusions, weaknesses, and encumbrances. I had become the man I had wanted to become. I feared nothing. I owed nothing to anybody. I was trained, and capable of killing anybody or everybody with anything and everything at any time. I was ready to have myself killed, or, if need be, to kill myself. Still singing to myself, I picked up the weapons and, using my machine walk, paraded up and down the living room, a free man. □



## Critics Choice: The Empire EDR.9



Every company loudly proclaims that its product is the best, but the true test of credibility rests with the experts. In our field, they are the audio reviewers.

Here's what they say about Empire's EDR.9.

### At Home

#### Audio (U.S.)

This new top-of-the-line phono cartridge should be considered an excellent choice for most every music system.

#### Hi Fi Buyers Review (U.S.)

You will certainly appreciate the outstanding definition and low distortion of this new EDR.9.

#### Popular Electronics (U.S.)

The EDR.9 has smooth effort-

less sound, flat response and high tracking ability.

#### High Fidelity (U.S.)

Instrumental timbres come across in all their details without any artificial emphasis. Voices appear open and full with just enough presence. Bass notes are solid and well defined.

#### Complete Buyers Guide (U.S.)

Music lovers who prefer a cartridge that simply extracts what's in the groove will find a great deal to like about it.

### Abroad

#### FM Guide (Canada)

Empire has produced a first-rate cartridge with a well-defined and distinguished identity.

#### Popular Hi Fi (England)

I found myself forming a distinct preference for the Empire over the B&O and the Ortofon.

#### Hi Fi For Pleasure (England)

Indeed this is an example of advanced design, exhibiting low mechanical impedance, light weight, and compatibility with the best low-inertia arms.



For information write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

**EMPIRE**

# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## REAGAN SENDS NOTE TO AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI



### Sanjay Gandhi Killed

Sanjay Gandhi, the controversial son of India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, was killed recently when his glider crashed as he was performing aerial stunts. Mrs. Gandhi has announced that plans are already under development for Sanjay's reincarnation and eventual reinstatement into India's government as a cow.

### TMI Mishap "No Problem"

Harold Denton, of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, has called the nuclear explosion over Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island power station "another in a series of anticipated problems." The explosion, which created a mushroom cloud visible for five hundred miles and obliterated all life within a thirty-mile radius of the facility, oc-

curred during the venting of radioactive gas that had accumulated in the containment building of Unit 2.

"These things happen," Denton told reporters from his observation post on Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands. "We'll just have to wait for the area to cool down and see what the heck happened in there."

### Man Found Who Approves Carter Policy

A thirty-five-year-old hardware-store clerk in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has been discovered who "fully approves" President Carter's foreign policy, report White House spokespersons.

The man, whose name is being withheld pending notification of next of kin, is reported to have said he thinks the president is "doing a fine job."

### Anderson Would Conditionally Recognize Jerusalem as Israeli Capital

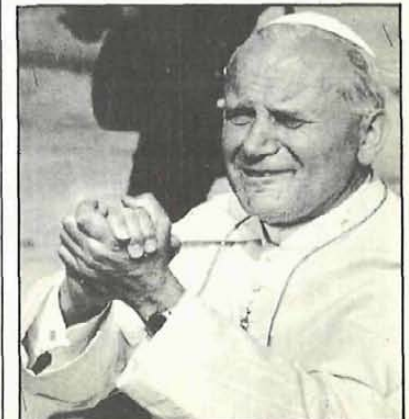
Congressman John Anderson of Ohio, the whiffleball candidate for president, announced that if elected, he would move the American diplomatic mission from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem once Israel changed the name of its Knesset to "something a human being can pronounce without hurting himself."

### Muskie: State Department Is Tough

Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, in an effort to "prove to the leaders of all nations, whether friend or foe, that the US State Department is not a pussy," will conduct a tour of some twenty-two nations later this year. Muskie will formally challenge the foreign minister or head of state of every country to "some form of physical combat." A spokesman for the secretary told reporters, "Mr. Muskie is partial to arm wrestling but is fully prepared to duke it out with bare knuckles if need be."

### POPE JOHN PAUL II TIES SELF IN ARM-WRESTLING CONTEST

*Fails in Bid for 1st Polish Papal Arm-Wrestling Championship*



## Film Director Brickman Admits Guilt

After prolonged questioning by New York City police, Marshall Brickman, noted scriptwriter and director of the recent small flop *Simon*, has admitted sole responsibility for "all the boring parts in Woody Allen's movies." As a result of Mr. Brickman's confession, most charges against Allen have been dropped, but Allen continues to be held without bail on suspicion of complicity in the production of *Interiors*.

## Hostage Shot Out of Cannon

Iranian militants holding the remaining American hostages, now believed to number fifty-two, shot one of them out of a cannon on the grounds of the American embassy in Tehran. Ostensibly staged for the amusement of both the hostages and their captors, the event was denounced by Moslem militant Ayatollah Beheshti as part of an escape plot. "Infidels among the students planned to shoot the hostages one at a time into the mountains, where they would be picked up and smuggled into Iraq," he said. The cannonball hostage was mildly injured when he failed to reach the net placed to catch him. "Someone urinated on the gunpowder," one of the students is quoted as saying.

Cites Teddy Roosevelt Example

## ANDERSON FORMS "MOOSE IN A ZOO" PARTY



## South Korea, North Korea Hostilities Flare

South Korea has reported that its navy sank a North Korean spy boat off the west coast of South Korea recently. Both countries issued conflicting versions of the story, then each issued a denial of its own story and the other story and also denied that anything was conflicting.

"We can't keep things straight out here anymore," a South Korean official explained. "Is North Korea the dictatorship? Or are we? Is Sun Myung Moon on

our side or theirs? Was Park Chung Hee a good guy or a bad guy? Are we still at war with the north, or am I thinking of Vietnam? Is this Vietnam? Let me get back to you about this."

## New Report on US Mortality Causes

A recently released report from the federal Department of Health and Welfare says that dandruff is the major cause of death among medium-income US adults, followed by bad breath and underarm odor.



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The Nuclear Regulatory Commission  
James Earl Ray  
United Fruit  
Jeb Magruder

A Political Announcement Paid for by  
the Committee to Elect Ronald Reagan President

## Third World Nations Blast US

Third World nations at a conference in Somaliland issued a statement criticizing the United States for its food and economic relief programs. Representatives of the impoverished countries stated that Burger King coupons and lottery tickets were not helping to relieve human suffering in their nations. Besides the difficulty of cashing coupons due to travel distance, the representatives cited poor odds on winning economic aid through the lottery tickets and asked that they be replaced with pari-mutuel betting slips.

## Deregulation Rocks the Trucking Industry

After a decade-long struggle, advocates of increased competition in the trucking industry finally won passage of a trucking deregulation bill. However, within hours of the bill's passage, truckers around the country began burning log books, running red lights, and attacking waitresses. One group of big-riggers encircled a state police barracks near Staunton, Virginia, demanding rebates of previously levied overweight fines. "No more rules! No more rules!" the truckers are reported to have chanted.

"I don't think they understand the legislation," said Sen. Howard Canon (D-Nev.), a leading backer of deregulation. "We'll need a little time to explain."

## American Driving Habits Changing

The driving habits of Americans are undergoing some drastic changes. So claims a recently released report commissioned by the Union of Exact Change Highway Toll Machines. The report disclosed the fact that fully 25 percent of the drivers who used to drive their cars now carry their vehicles to work, while 23 percent of those who used to drive to work now stay at home and let their cars drive to work themselves.

## Duran Defeats Leonard, Issues Challenge

Roberto Duran, the Panamanian Maniac, recently defeated pretty boy Sugar Ray Leonard for the world welterweight boxing title. Duran was given a split decision after the fifteen-round bout in Montreal. Shortly after the fight, Duran issued a challenge to the winner of November's presidential election. "I fight him fifteen rounds for the title with one round of boxing then one round of being president," said Duran. "I am not so sure about my domestic policy on inflation and unemployment, but my jab is working very well." Most ring experts think

the contest would go to Duran, unless Kennedy wins as an independent and is allowed to use a bottle and a car.

## Cuban Refugees Relocated

Interior Department and State Department officials have reached a "happy agreement" to relocate most of the more than 100,000 political refugees from Cuba in the Love Canal region of upstate New York.

"It's a charming little place near world-famous Niagara Falls," explained a State Department spokesperson, "where these people can be assured not only of adequate housing but of sufficient space and privacy so that their weird smelly cooking and awful music won't disturb real people."

## Supreme Court to Consider Television Trials

The US Supreme Court has agreed to decide on whether criminal trials should be televised. The questions from lawyers, plaintiffs, defendants, etc., are: Who should get star billing? Will the shows be eligible for Emmys? and, If defendants are found guilty, who should accept the award on their behalf?

## New US "Get Tough" Foreign Policy MUSKIE TO BEAT UP NATO LEADERS



HI.  
I'M ED MUSKIE.  
SEE THIS? IT'S AN  
APPLE. I PLAN TO SHOVE  
ONE JUST LIKE IT DOWN  
GISCARD D'ESTAING'S THROAT  
IF HE DOESN'T TOE THE  
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CAN TELL HIM  
I SAID SO.

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■ **National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** On heavier paper that will last longer or something. (BO-1024) \$4.95



■ **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Deluxe Edition** A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Material taken from when it was real funny, not so funny, and a whole bunch from when it was funny again. (BO-1032) \$19.95

■ **National Lampoon's Book of Books** Jeff Greenfield's ultimate coffee-table book. (BO-1031) \$8.95



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■ **National Lampoon Binder** (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50

■ **Lampoon 12 issues in binder**  
1975 (BN-1003) \$16.00, 1976 (BN-1004) \$16.00  
1977 (BN-1005) \$16.00, 1978 (BN-1006) \$16.00  
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■ **National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** This is the sequel to the *High School Yearbook*. It is a complete Sunday edition of the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*, much in full color. Critics say it is even funnier than the Sunday *New York Times*. (BO-1021) \$4.95

■ **National Lampoon White Album** New Comedy L.P. including "What Were You Expecting—Rock 'n' Roll?" (A-1003) \$7.98



■ **National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Another style of *Animal House* baseball jersey, especially designed for "away" games. A must for those who play such games. (TS-1028) \$6.00

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■ **National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Satiny fabric with a real cotton lining. (TS-1030) \$29.95

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## Current Value of US Dollar in World Market

### ONE U.S. DOLLAR (\$1.00) EQUALS:

#### JAPAN

an old sock

#### ENGLAND

one Gorgonzola cheese biscuit

#### FRANCE

an old Francoise Hardy record

#### BELGIUM

ten minutes on a fine bicycle

#### GERMANY

two grade-three ball bearings

#### SWITZERLAND

10 percent of a souvenir plastic alpine hat

## New Tactical Nuke Weapons

US Army researchers have developed a nuclear bomb six-pack. The new weapon system consists of a cardboard carton containing a variety of disposable nuclear devices that can be car-

ried into the field by army infantry units. Ease of deployment is reportedly assured by pop tops, which US military personnel have been trained to use.

## Republicans Hopeful in Senate Races

Optimism over the 1980 Republican presidential prospects are bubbling over to the 1981 senatorial races, where the Republicans need to pick up only nine seats to control that body. Advisers are now searching through department stores around the country for the Lay-Z-Boy recliners and aluminum deck chairs that the Republicans require.

## GM Safety Breakthrough Announced

General Motors has revealed what it is calling a "significant breakthrough" in auto safety—one which, it claims, will comply with government safety regulations while helping to keep down the cost of cars.

"It's a variant on the familiar crash bag," a GM official told reporters. "But instead of using a costly device for automatically inflating the bag when a crash occurs, this new device features a bag that the driver or passenger blows up when they think a crash is about to occur."

### New Plan to Bolster Economies

## WESTERN POWERS TO RESTAGE WORLD WAR II



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The Completely Believable Show About Real People as Ordinary as the People You Know!

- Real stories about real people with nothing strange about them whatsoever!
- With a team of amazingly ordinary hosts!
- You'll believe your eyes—and your ears!
- With such stories as:
  - A man in Evanston, Illinois, who can whistle "The Star Spangled Banner"
  - A dog in Little Rock, Arkansas, who eats hamburgers
  - A pair of twins born to a woman in San Francisco



## YOU WON'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH YOU'LL BELIEVE IT!

abc 6

## Carter Threatens Boycott of Allies

It has been revealed that President Carter warned America's allies, during the seven-nation economic summit in Venice, that the US would "mount a full-scale boycott, embargo, or whatever it's called" against those nations that refuse to level sanctions against Iran. "This boycott will withhold from other nations such vital American exports as the television show "Dallas," blue jeans, Gatorade, Quaaludes, and Village People records.

European heads of state are reported to be reviewing their positions on Iranian economic sanctions and are thought to be willing to make major concessions to American policy, "especially in view of the fact that continental television syndicalizations run approximately six months behind the original US shows and we don't know who shot J.R. yet," explained German chancellor Helmut Schmidt.

## Pope Kills Three in Brazil

After having to be rescued from a surging mob earlier on his Brazilian tour, Pope John Paul II personally stomped three fans to death in Fortaleza, Brazil. "Dey were, how you say, outa line," the pontiff told reporters.

## News on the March

### Inquiring Photographer



#### QUESTION:

**Vernon Jordan — Is he a martyr to the cause of racial equality, or was he just fooling around with some chick?**



"Just fooling around."



"Just fooling around."



"Martyr to the cause of racial equality."



"Martyr"



"Just fooling around."



"Martyr to the cause of fooling around with chicks."

Edited by Ellis Weiner and P.J. O'Rourke. Contributions by E.W. P.J., Donald Marner, John Bendel, Hugo Flesch, and Tom Corcoran.

# BACK ISSUES

- OCTOBER, 1977/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics. Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics #2. Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi. Great Moments in Chess. Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Maracle Monopoly Cheating Kit. Borrow This Book. The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living. Whitedove comics, Vichy Supplement. Guerre Magazine, and Military Trading Cards.
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With Famine Circle Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac. Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique and Guns and Sandwiches Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Aghew. A Very Scizable Advance. Saeed Magazine. Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #1, and True Menu.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexcusing Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, Old Ladies Home Journal and Baffart Comics.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rocketeer Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With Negligent Mother Magazine, Bruce McCain's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With National Sore. Terminal Fatigue. Blue Cross in Peace and War. Rodrigues Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rocketeer. Atica Report, Code of Hammurabi, Citizen's Arrest Magazine. Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook. Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the F square parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a fortune parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfisting, Silver Jock. The Glory of Their Handsight. The U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words. Western Romance Part Three. Brave Dog Magazine, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cathammer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page full-color Nuts. The Aesop Brothers on honeymoon. Verhuan, Sherman the Tank. Odd Bookies, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy lived? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas.
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With Those Lazy, Hazy Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody.
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monna. TV Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance* and *Death's Dumpster*.
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, webtacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross.
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Life* Report parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance.
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything.
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faveitavir Fatogeebeet* Magazine. Beat the Meates, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash. White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Ixas Supplement.
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Monologue. Sex in Ancient China, the Celts, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World.
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food.
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Crimes, and Just Deserts.
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With The Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluebirds Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garden of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *National Lampoon*. Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nail amp* report on education in America.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*. Dress for Successfulness. Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter* and *Beit* self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nail amp* guide to the Big Ten.
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- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken.
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- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A miscellany of humor with *Vacation '58*, Stan Mack's True Hernia Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations.
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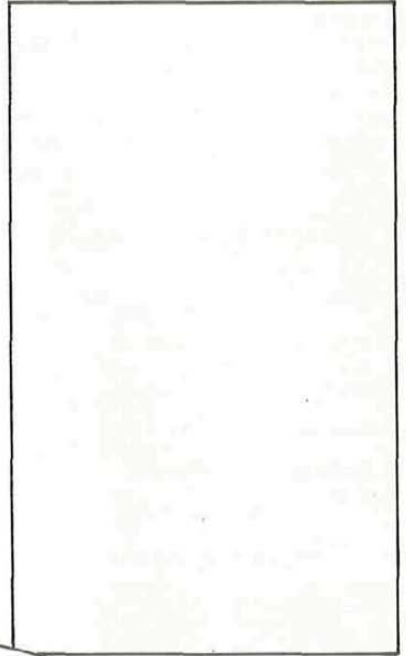
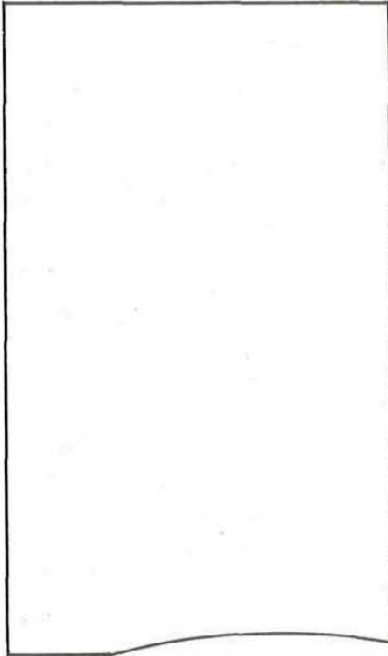
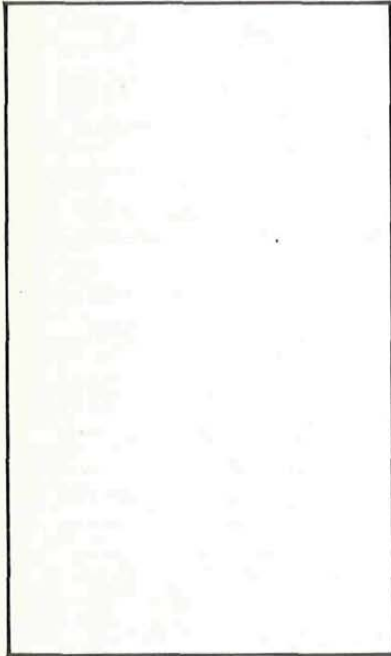
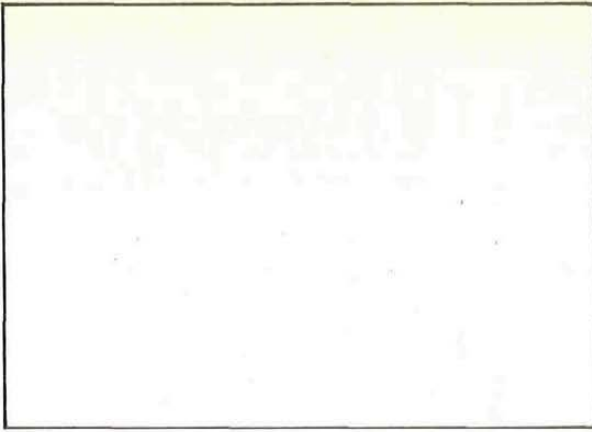
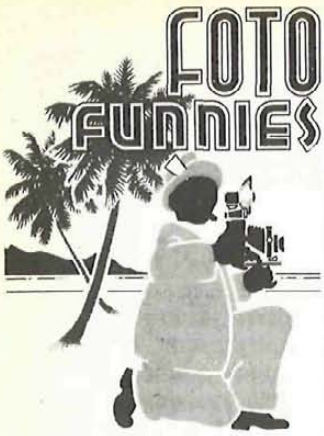
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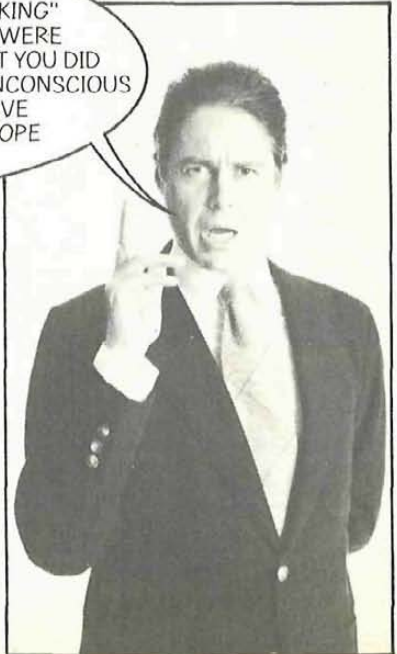
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WE'VE USED A TECHNIQUE CALLED "SUBLIMINAL JOKE MAKING" IN THIS FOTO FUNNY. THE JOKES WERE FLASHED ON THE PAGE SO FAST THAT YOU DID NOT CONSCIOUSLY SEE THEM. YOUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND, HOWEVER, DID PERCEIVE THESE WITTICISMS, AND WE HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD LAUGH.



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# 3M

## LETTERS

continued from page 18

Sirs:

I'm losing control. I used to be able to smile when patrons talked too loud in the library or returned their books late. I was Mr. Nice Guy. But no more. The abuse I absorbed pushed me over the edge. Last month I said *sshh* to four teenagers when they were yelling and screaming. A couple of weeks ago I charged an elderly gentleman the full fine for an overdue book without even mentioning the senior-citizen discount. This morning I wrote some really dirty words on a borrower's card. Please stop me before it's too late.

Orca, the Killer Librarian  
East Orange Public Library  
East Orange, NJ

Sirs:

Don't let anybody shit you. I still put away at least a fifth a day.

Betty Ford  
Rancho Mirage, Cal.

Sirs:

Okay, I know that comparisons have been made and maybe Paul Williams does have some talent. But can he handle a full-sized woman? I can and have.

Mickey Rooney  
Broadway

Sirs:

We know we're way behind and there's lots of catching up to do, so we're starting right away. Please rush us one million pills of LSD and one million tons of marijuana and ten million feet of rolling papers. Oh, and a few million records of Chong and Cheech. Thank you, and remember, tomorrow is the first day of the rest of your life, no? Greetings to Dr. Leary.

Bing Fou-pen  
Crash Modernization Committee  
People's Republic of China

Sirs:

*Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope of Rome*  
*Pope, Pope*  
*Pope of Rome*  
*Pope, Pope*  
*Pope of Rome...*

*As I walk around Saint Peter's Dome*  
*Nothing can stop the Pope of Rome*  
*And when I wear my hat like a cone*  
*Nothing can hurt me, oh no...*

*Oh, I...*

*Oh, I'm gonna bless you*

*Oh yeah*

*Come on, let me bless you now*

*'Cause I'm the Pope of Rome*

*Yeh, yeh, yeh...*

John Paul II,  
Pope of Rome  
Rome, Italy

Sirs:

Re: our letter of September 1, please add the following background material on Arabs to our original data:

1) Arabs have imported, raped, brutalized, and murdered over 11,000 fifteen-year-old runaways from California since 1968.

2) Arabs own half again as many stolen Mark IVs from the same state.

3) Arabian women are perhaps the most fatuous, puerile, self-indulgent creatures on earth, who refuse to prefer the smallest sexual favor without first being lavished in gaudy designer couture, which does nothing but show off repellent moles and hairy patches on their shoulders.

4) Arab men give them the clothes only because they are usually cheaper than the teenage urchins from California.

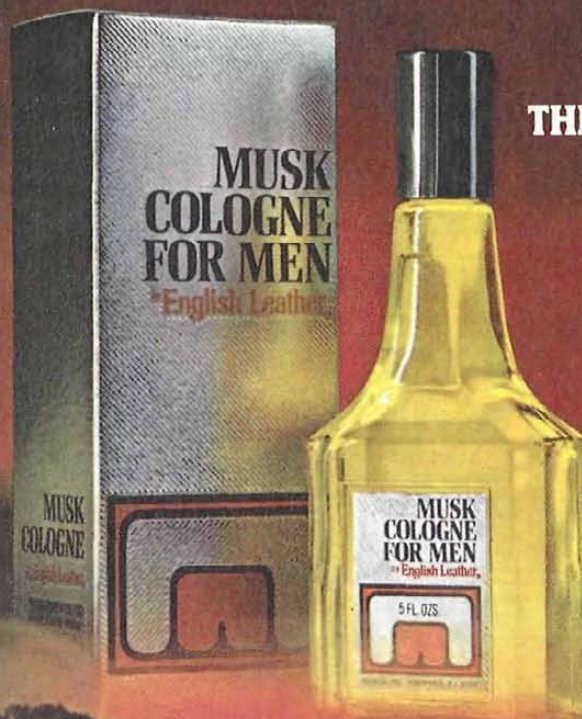
5) Saudi Arabia is a torturously hot and boring country having the architectural flavor of a Mexican railroad town built around a half-dozen billion-dollar hotels and office buildings with dirty windows and no shrubs.

6) Arabs will bite your windpipe shut like a cheetah if aroused.

Thank you for your attention.

Public Broadcasting Service  
Avenue of the Grants and Tote Bags  
Washington, DC

**BEFORE THERE WERE WORDS, FEMALES RESPONDED TO PURE SCENT.**



**THEY STILL DO.**

**MUSK BY  
ENGLISH LEATHER.®**

MEM Co. Inc., Northvale, NJ 07647 © 1980



Sirs:

I remember from my childhood that there was usually a youngster in the neighborhood or the school yard who insisted on kicking a football whenever one was thrown to him. This was most disruptive and annoying, because the ball often shanked off the side of his foot and lodged someplace quite distant from the field of play. Although it was not illogical to expect that children who could not restrain themselves from kicking would be the least athletic and capable of punting in a predictable direction among us, one generally assumed that a consistent pattern of forward passing would influence the dimmest of participants to follow suit. I grew to despise such children, and I trust their lives have been, and shall continue to be, rife with excoriation, rejection, and profoundly bad fortune.

One Who Remembers  
444 Carnegie Street  
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

Believe us when we tell you that crimes against property, like robbery, burglary, conversion, larceny, etc., are actually healthy for the country during these recessionary times. You see, most goods are stolen by junkies and minorities and other scum who can not or would not pay for them. Thus, when an insurance company replaces your property, an extra and much-needed sale is made to a substitute, "collective" customer, if you will, who divides the cost among large numbers of people. The criminal becomes, in reality, a direct stimulus to the economy by forcing all of us who are policy holders to make a contribution. So, together, it's the criminals and their partners the insurance carriers who are helping us get back on our feet, and yet we continue to jail them and make phony excuses to their representatives. Come on, huh. Lighten up, and let's use our brains for once.

League of Thieves, Swindlers,  
and Casualty Agents  
111 D Street  
Washington, DC

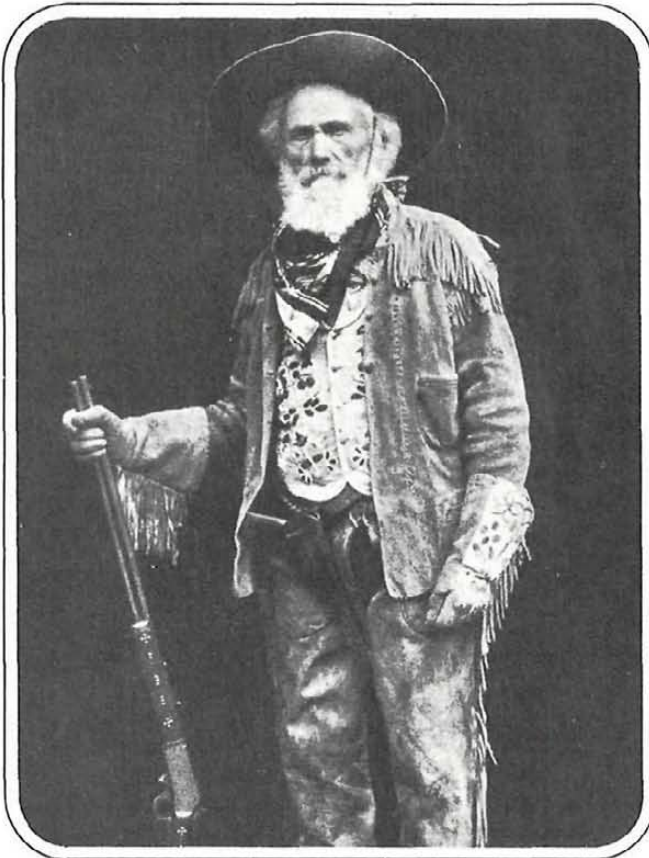
Sirs:

Take me to God, and make it snappy! The guy who sent me is about to get squashed in a trash compactor and I'm really in a hurry! Oh, shit, I thought you were a taxi!

A Lost Prayer  
on the road to heaven  
*continued*

*"Jeremiah and me wuz surveying together for 2 months. He never said a word. That's what I call good company."*

Pappy McCoy, Railroad Surveyor, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Jeremiah had quiet spells. Really quiet. Usually, he had been having a fight with a lady. Or with himself. Then, he'd be flamboyant. Show off. He was much better when he was quiet.

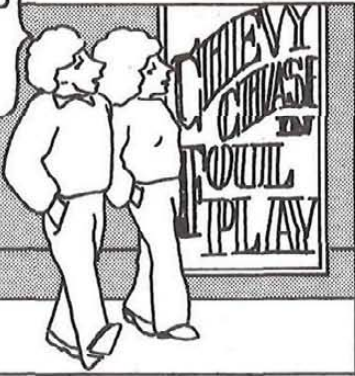
Jeremiah Weed isn't just a legacy. It's a tribute to a 100 proof maverick.



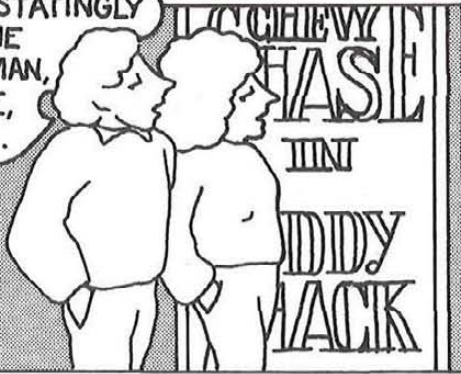
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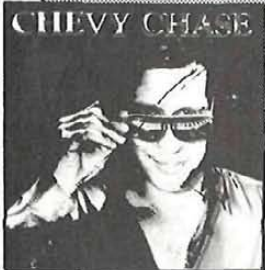
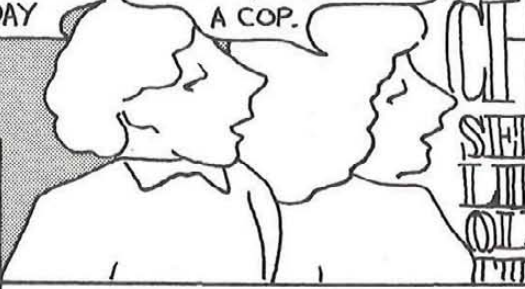


... AND FEATURES CHEVY ON VOCALS AND ALL MANNER OF NON-VERBAL INSTRUMENTS...



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YES, AND IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR HAND OFF MY THIGH, I'M CALLING A COP.



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ARISTA

PRODUCED BY CHEVY CHASE AND TOM SCOTT.

LETTERS

continued

Sirs:  
There were five of us that night at Sutcliffe's comfortable country place. The fire was dying and the company began the shifting of posture that presages retirement for the evening. Our host, Nicky Sutcliffe, the renowned physician, cleared his throat. "Did I ever tell you of the unfortunate affair concerning my young cousin Dr. Michael 'Chatty' Gristle?"

Our host seldom spoke but to complain of the tax assessor's most recent outrages, and his exceptional utterance on this occasion assured him of our concentrated attention.

The doctor paused briefly, enjoying the limelight. Almost regretfully he began his tale.

"My young cousin had just come down from Cambridge with his medical degree. His university career had been untroubled, and the future seemed to hold even more dazzling prospects in store. Yet shortly after he began the practice of medicine he began to behave eccentrically, and we, his family, began to fear greatly for his prospects.

"There is a fine distinction between mental illness and lunacy. I came to believe my young cousin had bridged the gap when he was arrested in Westminster Abbey, having partially disinterred the corpse of the late poet laureate of England John Masefield with a rhodium-encrusted burglary scalpel.

"Naturally the constable who arrested him claimed the young puppy spoke incoherently. So indeed it would seem to a man dim enough to walk about with a triangular piece of tin stuck on his hat. The fact is my cousin spoke *all too* coherently.

"Great poets," he said, "live forever! See? See!?" The young man was trying to make some sort of point about literature, I'm afraid. It will never be understood, of course; and what's worse, his promising career is ruined."

Our host stared meditatively into the fading embers of his hospitable hearth. Singly and in silence those present departed for their rooms.

Yours sincerely,  
Garth Throttle

Sirs:  
What is caviar to the general is strictly fish eggs to me.

Judith Krantz  
Anaheim, Cal.

continued on page 53

# Earth, Wind & Fire says: Get Platinum Power.

Platinum Power. It's what the superstar rock group Earth, Wind & Fire puts into its platinum albums. And it's what Panasonic puts into a new line of superstar AM/FM stereo cassette recorders.

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**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

# *Alive with pleasure!*

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*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;  
Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine  
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# GHOSTS of RESPONSIBILITY

[by P.J. O'Rourke]

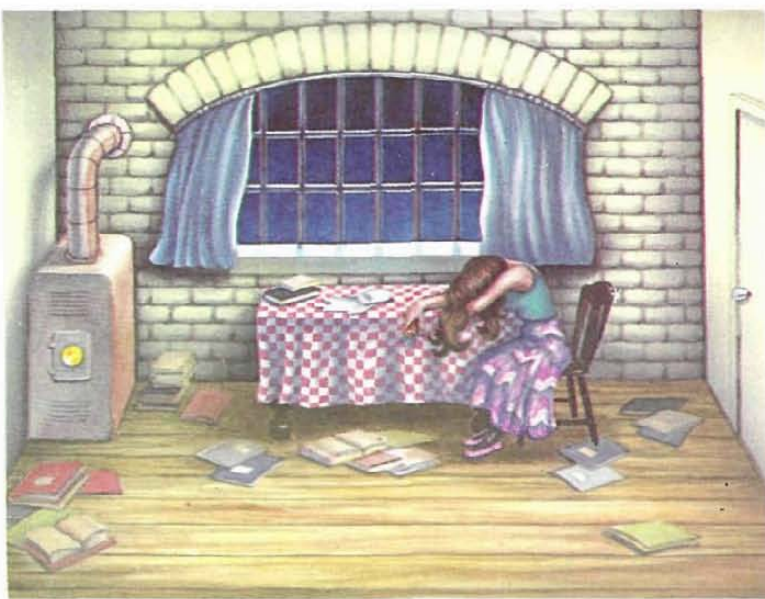
One fall when I was very young and very broke I returned to college and could find nowhere to live. For a while I rented a dirty little room, one of a dozen over a grocery store. There were rats in the walls and one windowless bathroom at the end of the corridor. Also, there was a cancerous old man, a sort of concierge, who lived in one of the rooms. He would

not let my girl friend come upstairs as long as he was awake, and he was always awake. But I couldn't afford anything else. Then one evening in a bar a young man named Gary Ballow told me about a place where he used to live. It might still be for rent, he said, if I'd want it.

Ballow did not, at that time, seem like a young man to me. He was about twenty-eight, and he was a writer. That is, he wrote every day. But one thing he wrote didn't often fit with any other thing he wrote. And his sentences, though splendid to hear, did not parse. He had graduated half a dozen years before but never left the little southern Ohio college town. He drank a great deal.

Until a couple of months before, Ballow had lived in a carriage house behind a deteriorating mansion on the edge of town. He told me to go see the ancient and peculiar Kentucky woman, Miss Beauregard, who owned the property. But I mustn't mention his name. He'd left owing half a year's rent and she'd sworn to shoot him.

The carriage house was comfortable, he said, and cheap,



and, aside from Miss Beauregard, it had only one drawback: it was haunted. It was very haunted. And Ballow, who, as I said, drank a great deal, insisted on telling me the whole story of its haunting. He talked for two hours.

The carriage house had been converted to an apartment—a cottage, really—in the late 1950s and immediately began to accumulate ghosts. They were, said

Ballow, the ghosts of responsibility. Each of these shades, he claimed, was a spectral representation of some duty not undertaken, some trust not executed, some human burden someone had failed to heft. And he said much more on the subject in a manner largely poetic. I remember none of it. But I do recall the stories of the four dead people who'd occupied the carriage house and who, he assured me, continued to reside in my future home.

The first was the first resident, a woman graduate student. I might hear her story from some professor sometime, Ballow said. If I did, I'd hear she died from some sudden biological lapse, headlong leukemia or galloping embolism or the like. This wasn't the case. He'd known her. She had failed to complete her dissertation on some aspect of phonic ratiocination in preschoolers. A completed thesis was necessary to her graduation with a doctoral degree. The graduation had been planned; parents, aunts, and cousins invited; presents selected; a dinner scheduled for catering. She came from a large Jewish family. They were

poor and very proud of their bloodline's first PhD, so she committed suicide with a hundred Miltown pills.

The second and third ghosts were the result of a party in the spring of 1962. A friend of Ballow's, Woody Upton, was living in the carriage house then. Woody has been dating a local girl, a farm girl of no great intelligence but with a large handsome body. Perhaps dating isn't the right word. He fucked her sometimes. She was in love with him. He was not in love with her. She got pregnant. He refused to marry her. And she kept coming to see him, though he told her to stay away. By the time of the party she was nearly due. As pregnant a woman, said Ballow, as he had ever seen. It was a drunken party with loud music, and everyone danced the Alligator, which was a dance where you lay down in the beer on the floor and slithered on your stomach and then flopped on top of someone else, who wiggled on her back, and so on. The farm girl did it, too, though no one jumped on her. She was wiggling like everybody else and hollering like they were also, then she screamed and pulled up her skirt

and took off her underwear, screaming all the while and breathing fast, said Ballow. No one knew what to do. They all stood up fascinated and still. A couple minutes later she delivered bloody stillborn twins on the floor, and a minute after that the electricity went out. Then everyone at the party began to scream. There was a terrifying commotion, a sound of moving feet and bodies. But when

the lights came on everyone seemed to be just where they had been before. Except the babies. The dead babies were gone. The girl looked everywhere for them. Everyone looked for them. The farm girl kept screaming, but the bodies were gone.

I cannot provide the details, much as I would like to. Did the girl leap up fully vigorous from her accouchement and hunt behind the furniture? Or did she lie there prostrate and search the room with her eyes? What about the afterbirth? But Ballow was running downwind with his narrative and could not be made to reach or beat for interruptions. He said only that the babies joined the graduate student thereafter in the house.

**T**he fourth ghost was a homosexual high-school teacher named Rory. He died in 1963. At that time another friend of Ballow's, Bob Werhauser, was living in the carriage house with his wife and their newborn child. Rory and the Werhausers had been friends for some years. One night, when the baby was not a week old and his wife was just home from the hospital, Bob went off alone to a party. Ballow claimed to

have been at this party also, as was Rory. Sometime after midnight Rory began to pinch and fondle women guests. This was taken to be a great joke. And sometime after that, Rory said to Werhauser, "You know what I'd really like to do? I'd like to fuck your wife!"

"No you wouldn't," said Bob. "You're queer. Besides, she just had a baby. She's big as a ditch."

But Rory insisted and disappeared from the party.

A little later Werhauser got a phone call from his wife, saying, "Rory's over here at the carriage house. He says he's going to rape me, and he's trying to break the door down."

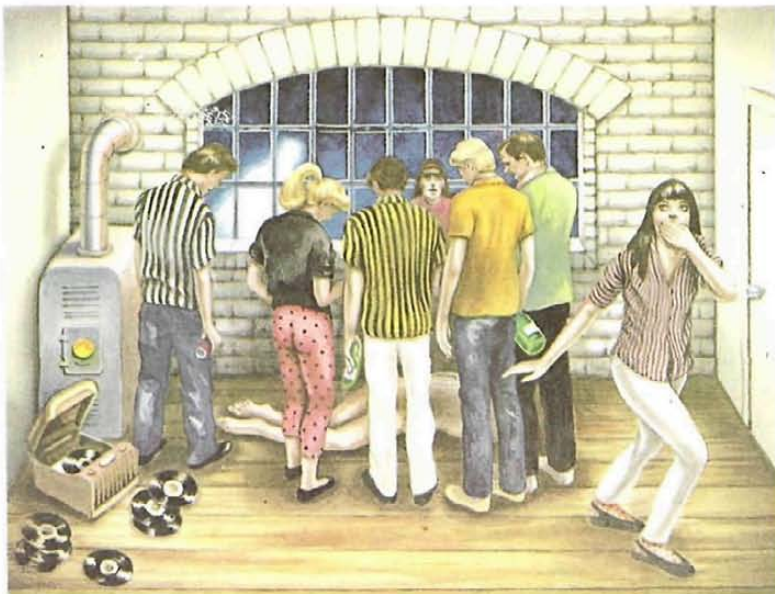
"That's insane," said Bob. "He's a homosexual."

She called back in five minutes with the same message and said she was very frightened. Bob told her she was nuts. She called again, and once more after that. Finally Werhauser told everyone to just let the phone ring. His wife was having delusions.

Rory succeeded in breaking the door down. Or, actually, it seems he didn't break it, because when Werhauser came

home at four in the morning it was bolted from the inside and no one would answer. Rory and Werhauser's wife stayed in there for two weeks.

Again, I don't know the details. The Werhauser family reunion must have been interesting. But Ballow was too puffed up with philosophical speculation about Rory's sudden heterosexuality to give me the particulars. Anyway, Bob and his wife



did get back together. And Rory went home, which was where he was found about a month later with the oven on and the pilot light out. An attractive boy, one of Rory's students, had stopped by for what Ballow said was some "special tutoring." When no one came to the door, the boy tried the latch and found Rory passed out on the bed.

It was several weeks before Mrs. Werhauser convinced the doctors to let her visit. She was shown to the hospital room and was there confronted by Rory covered in an oxygen tent, attached to an artificial kidney, with a glucose bottle running into his arm and feeding tubes up his nose. She shrieked and ran across the room, gathering Rory to her chest, oxygen tent and all. The tubes and needles were pulled from his body, the dialysis machine was overturned, and Rory died an hour later.

I don't know what exact responsibility Rory's ghost was supposed to represent. And among the other things I never found out from Ballow were how he determined there were precisely four ghosts and how he discovered these four ghosts corresponded to the four deaths he described. Especially since they were perfunctory in their haunting. For the most part they just moaned or clanked a chain. They were

ordinary ghosts, ordinary to the point of being hackneyed, he said. Sometimes he went so far as to speak to them about it, saying he expected something more original in the way of possession. But they never did better than bang cupboard doors and make footsteps when no one else was home. Their only point of novelty was that they lived in the heating system, a small stand-up oil burner in one corner of the living room. Into this they would retire, late at night, and sing Gregorian chants through the mica glass peephole.

But don't misunderstand him, said Ballow. (His speech was getting sloppy.) These ghosts were dangerous even so. They had the power to curse people who were shirking their obligations. Every irresponsible person who had lived in the carriage house—and there seemed to be no other kind—had been cursed and came to a bad end. Woody Upton, for instance, the father of the twins, had married a shrewish girl from New Jersey and led an awful life. And Bill Elliot, who had lived there between Upton and Bob Werhauser, had been involved in a hit-and-run accident and was afterward plagued by sebaceous boils. And Werhauser, who had failed to protect his wife from Rory, and vice versa, Werhauser had a job at *TV Guide* now, writing the preview listings. A worse fate than that Ballow could not imagine. Then there was Forrester, who had shared the carriage house with Ballow himself. I forget what Forrester's irresponsibility was; wasting a genius for something, I think. He was cursed too. I was perplexed when Gary said so, because Forrester was at the other end of the bar that minute and looked fine, in fact seemed to be having a swell time. But Ballow snorted at my objection. "Cursed," he said, "definitely cursed."

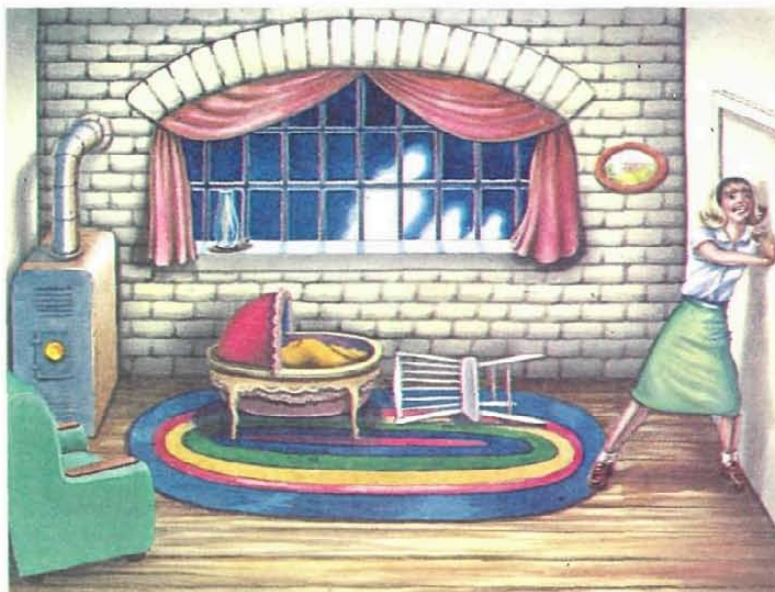
These ghosts, Ballow repeated, were dangerous to people who had responsibilities and refused to live up to them, dangerous to good people who had been slack about one thing or another. But he had never been bothered. He had escaped from them completely unscathed. Did I know why? I did not. It was because he, Ballow, was completely worthless and vice ridden. He was so totally reprehensible in his conduct that it was impossible to say that he had neglected any single responsibility. He was evil, you see, and the ghosts were powerless against him. They held sway only over good people gone wrong. He had outreached their grasp. He was worse than they ever were, and they could not so much as raise one of their two score spectral digits against him. Ha! He had them. Why, they all wound up rather friends, he said. And the only trouble they'd ever caused him was just when he was about to leave. He was

sitting at the kitchen table writing letters telling various people his new address when inky black stuff dripped from the bare ceiling and blotted out his correspondence. And that was only because the ghosts were sad to see him go. He supposed it was a comfort to them to have someone in the house whom they had no mandate to torment. It was less work, he imagined. I'd have no trouble with the ghosts either, he was sure, and for just the opposite reason. I was a clean-cut, reliable young man. (I had paid for the last round.) Those ghosts would have no bone to pick with me.

I paid little attention to Ballow's assurances. And I paid no attention to his warnings (as, indeed, people in ghost stories must never do). I needed someplace to live, so I went to see Miss Beauregard in the mansion. She was peculiar and very old. Her house was littered with dirty and broken antiques, and the first thing Miss Beauregard told me was that she slept every night with a loaded .45 on her nightstand. Did I know a

fellow called Gary Ballow? I lied that I didn't. Please tell her if I met the man, because, she said, she was going to kill him. She gave me a warm can of beer and a plate of cold chicken wings, which I was afraid not to eat.

Miss Beauregard owned a roadhouse, the Wagonwheel, eight or ten miles out of town. Her equally ancient brother, Sawtelle, ran a whorehouse behind the tavern in what had once



been tourist cabins. Ballow's past roommate, Forrester, had worked for her once, tending bar. He told me later that Miss Beauregard and Sawtelle quarreled all the time. He quit after one of these arguments. Miss Beauregard was standing next to Forrester behind the bar when Sawtelle came in with a double-barreled shotgun. Forrester ducked, but Miss Beauregard pulled another shotgun from behind the counter and aimed it at her brother. They both fired, but so old and shaky were they that they missed each other with 12-gauge shot at a dozen paces. A drunk sleeping outside the door was startled, however, and ran out in the road, where he was killed by the car of the same Bill Elliot who was living in the carriage house then.

One thing I had to understand about living out there, Miss Beauregard told me: the mansion was haunted. The fellow who had built it in the 1880s was a rich, feed store owner. But his family took to spending his money faster than he could make it, and he took to the bottle. They ended broke and hiding from their creditors. They never lit a candle or answered the door; and finally when the sheriff came to evict them by force, he found the whole family dead inside. They'd killed themselves from shame. That

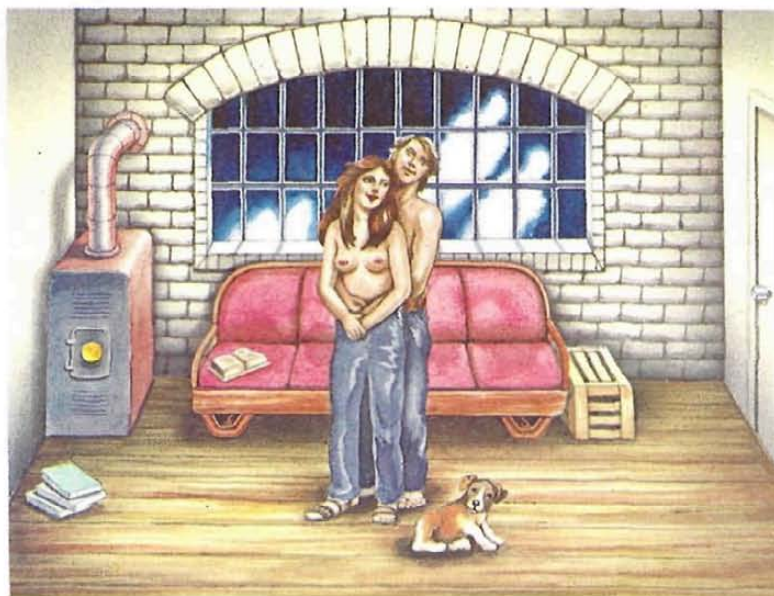
was when Miss Beauregard had bought the house at auction. In 1910, she claimed. The original family was damned, and their spirits had to stay here on earth, she said, and try to make amends for the wasteful lives they'd led. These ghosts would burn lights in the windows at all hours of the night and made the front door open by itself to total strangers. I was to "pay these things no nevermind," said Miss Beauregard, and, besides, the carriage house was all right. That was a "modern place." It was mine for sixty-five dollars a month. I made a deposit and left with the keys.

**M**y girl friend, Juanita, and I lived in the carriage house for most of the winter of 1966–1967. It was a handsome little brick building with a tile roof. Inside, there was one large room, with the supposedly haunted oil burner in a corner and wide-arched casement windows on either side. At the back was a small kitchen, with another arch of windows, that looked out on a field and the woods beyond. The bathroom was small and almost all shower, like the head on a sailboat. But the hot-water heater was much bigger than necessary, and we could stand in that shower for ninety minutes, two hours, if we liked. In the living room there was a ladder that went up to a loft with a window in each gable. The place was clean and had been painted. We found a few pieces of used furniture for it—a table, a couple of chairs, and a mattress.

Juanita quit school that fall and worked as a model for life-drawing classes, so we had a little money. She was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen—small, tawny skinned, with sleek dark hair and wide brown eyes. She had long legs and a very small waist that gave her hips, though slight, a perfect roundness. Her breasts were large, placed high on her chest, with hard dark nipples. She cooked and kept house and treated me better than anyone ever has. We slept in a hug, arms and legs tangled together. I've never been able to sleep that way with anyone else. It's claustrophobic now, or an arm goes to sleep. We made love two or three times a day. Part of that was youth. But part of it was an attraction that cannot be explained at any age. I wanted to touch every part of her with my fingers, my cock, and my tongue. She rubbed me thick with soap lather once so I could try to push myself up between her buttocks, not knowing how much the soap would sting. But she just laughed when it hurt her. We stayed in the shower as much as we could, and in the bed when we weren't in the shower, and half naked all the time, even outside in the field. It was a very mild winter, freakishly warm for weeks at a time. Most mornings, when I got up to go to classes, there was an

odor of timothy and alfalfa decaying in the fields, where it had been mown too late and damp for haying. It's a rare odor in the East, where I live now, that smell of rotting hay, and I'm glad it is, because I cannot smell it without overwhelming nostalgia, without crying, almost fifteen years later.

The carriage house was a perfect home to Juanita and me. We talked about how it could be fixed up and told each other we never wanted to leave. That there was something spooky about the place only made it more intimate. And we heard no moans or chains or Gregorian chants. But after sundown it always did seem to be darker outside our door than anywhere nearby. And sometimes the rungs on the ladder to the loft would creak, one after another, as though something were going upstairs. And there was, on still nights, a persistent thumping at one corner of the roof, where there were no pipes or tree branches or even squirrels that I could discover. So maybe Ballow was right about the ghosts.



Unfortunately, Ballow was wrong about me. I was irresponsible. You fall in love with perhaps half a dozen people in your life, and a like number of people fall in love with you. But the affections are rarely mutual and almost never contemporary. It is the most irresponsible thing that can be done to let such a coincidence pass and not act upon it. Of course, I didn't know that. I thought that the world was infinitely

supplied with romances and that I would be the willing recipient of each in its turn. I was very young. But ignorance of natural law is a weaker excuse even than ignorance of the criminal code.

I was in love with Juanita, but any man would have been. In fact, quite a few were. The remarkable thing was that she loved me. She asked me questions about myself (one sure way to tell). "Where were you on this day exactly ten years ago?" "What were you like when you were twelve?" She read my poetry. She even said she liked it. And she was the only person who has ever thought I was beautiful. I was sleeping one afternoon, naked on top of the bed, and woke to find her drawing me. On her sketch paid I was an Adonis, which I was not. She loved me. She wanted us to live together until we died. She wanted to have a baby. I gave her a puppy instead. She wanted to get married. But I was a poor kid and I could see the future. Me with a teacher's salary and her at home with the kids—a sea of small debts, rented homes, and used cars stretched out before us, a life like my parents' or hers. I'd get bald. She'd get fat. The kids would get in trouble. I was too cow-

*continued on page 81*



## REAL-LIFE AGGRESSION

continued from page 12

tirement community for senior citizens called Golden Acres, they did not know each other previous to the accident. At various times after the accident Mrs. Grubstein saw Mrs. Kubersky in the social hall of Golden Acres and engaged in violent arguments with her. One night Mrs. Grubstein overturned Mrs. Kubersky's bingo cards and pushed her to the floor. Mrs. Kubersky then hit Mrs. Grubstein in the right eye with her umbrella, damaging the retina. Mrs. Grubstein was hospitalized for three weeks. Her eye was saved, but it was severely weakened.

A few nights later, Mr. and Mrs. Kubersky were attacked by three men while walking home from the social hall and were beaten so badly that both suffered permanent brain damage. Neighbors of Mrs. Grubstein claimed to have heard her say that she was "going to get her nephews from Miami after the Kuberskys and fix them good." Their sole kin, a daughter, Mrs. Sheila Zwerdloff, of Syosset, New York, arrived afterward and had to give permission for their attending physician to admit the couple into a nursing home for life.

Bitterly disappointed over the fate of her husband, Mrs. Grubstein grew increasingly depressed and accidentally took her life when she walked in front of a speeding truck against a light, on the Dixie Highway, unable to see it from her "blind side." When Mr. Grubstein heard this, he lapsed into a coma and died a few weeks later.

The kin of both couples are continuing the litigation, which lawyers estimate will take at least five years to decide. The damage to the Kubersky car was \$689. All but \$50 was paid for by their insurance company. The damage to the Grubstein car was \$87.50. They had a \$100-deductible policy and had to pay the entire bill. □

Of all the French tuberculosis research done in the early thirties, Calmette's *Recherches experimentales sur la tuberculose* is the only work with a riddle page.

Article 41 of the UN charter permits embargoes in case of military aggression, meaning that Holland may legally counter a Soviet nuclear attack by refusing to sell them something, no matter how much they want it.



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, let us know. We'd enjoy hearing from you.

## BURNING TENNESSEE HARD MAPLE

for charcoal to smooth out Jack Daniel's is a far cry from burning a fire.



Chemists wonder why all this wood doesn't burn to fine ash. But, using Tennessee hard maple and a whole lot of skill, our rickers get charcoal every time. And we pack it into room-high vats to mellow the taste of Jack Daniel's. Just watching this charcoal burn is a nice way to spend idle moments. Discovering how it gentles Jack Daniel's is the nicest moment of all.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,  
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

# "The best tonic drinks are made with Puerto Rican white rum. Not gin or vodka."



## "The move to our Puerto Rican white rum and tonic is no surprise."

*Fernando Lugo, architect, and his wife Isabel.*

Tonic rises to new heights in the presence of white rum. White rum also adds refinement to Bloody Marys, or drinks mixed with soda. And makes a deliciously crisp dry martini.

White rum, in fact, makes any drink smoother and better tasting.

The reason? By law, every drop of pure, dry Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year.

And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

**Hint:** Pour the rum over the tonic, not vice-versa and *don't* stir. It will make your drink even zingier.

### **Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.**

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**  
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL 5, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102. © 1980 Government of Puerto Rico.

# SECRET WEAPONS



**A-1 STEAK SAUCE BOMBER** This long-range bomber is capable of dropping the delicious steak sauce on enemy populations anywhere in the world. Enemy soldiers or civilians affected are turned into cannibals. We think.

**BY BRIGADIER GENERAL S.L. GOATLIPS, ILLUSTRATED BY CAROL WALD**

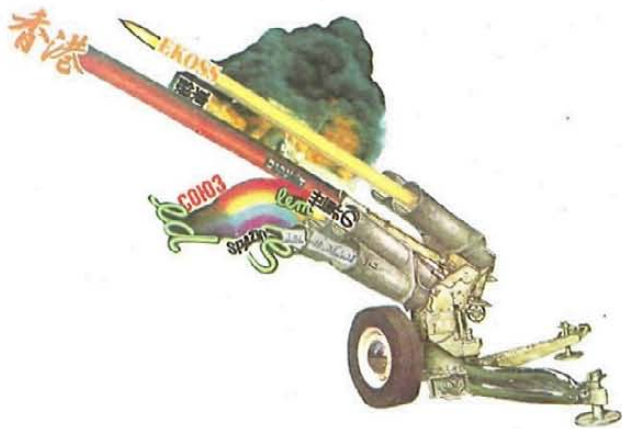
With assistance from Special Development Consultant Tod M. Carroll. Our thanks to Raytheon, Inc., for the loan of Mr. Carroll's services and to TRW for permission to reprint material by General Goatlips dealing with particle-board weapons he developed for them.



**CAVALRY DEPTH CHARGE** By equipping a troop of cavalry—men and horses—with underwater breathing apparatus, they may be converted to amphibious use. The utility of this kind of strike-anywhere force should be obvious even to our more conservative military tacticians.



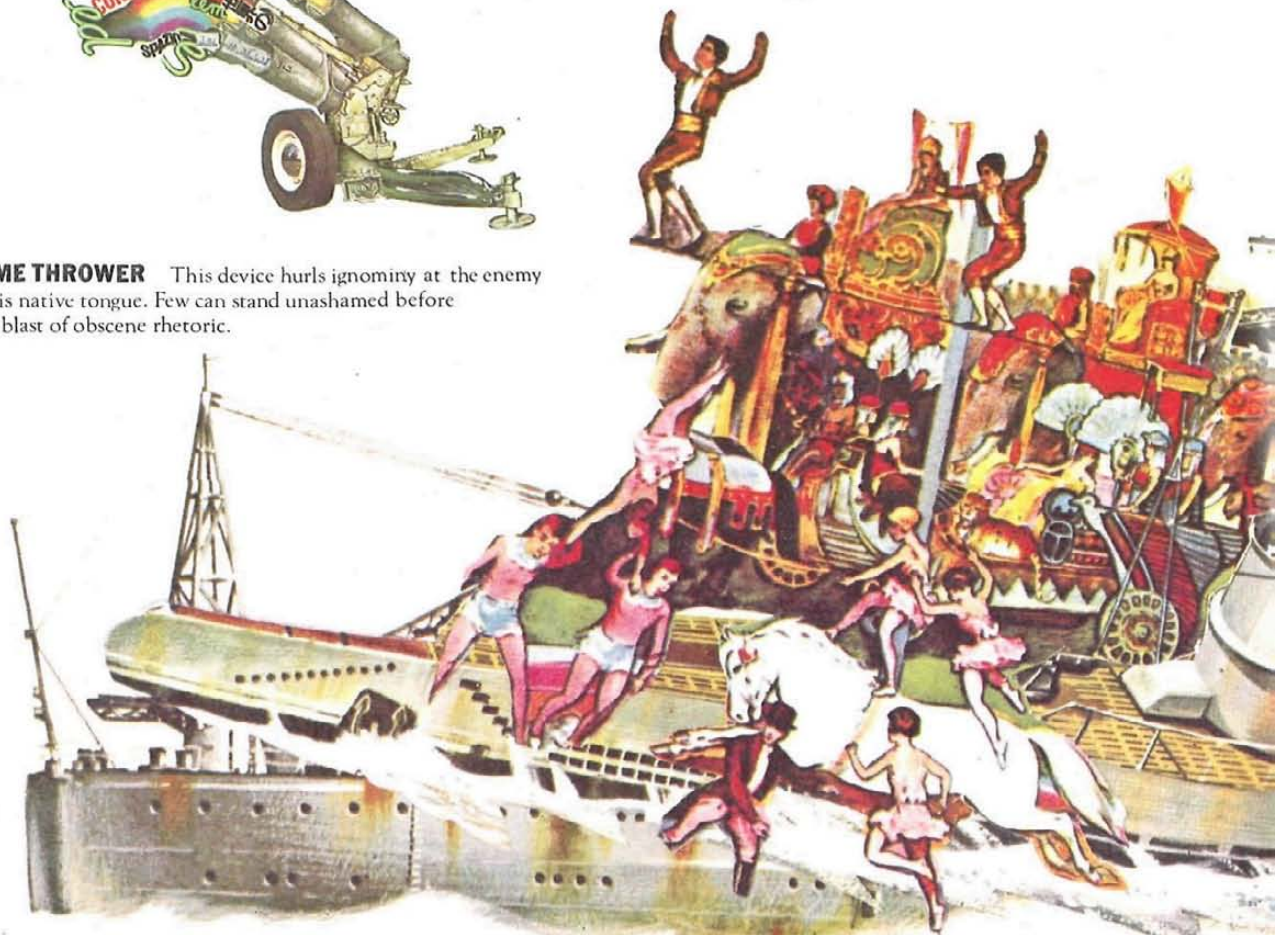
**ROACH BOMB** This bomb explodes scattering hundreds of thousands of roaches in the enemy's living quarters, with demoralization of the troops an immediate result.

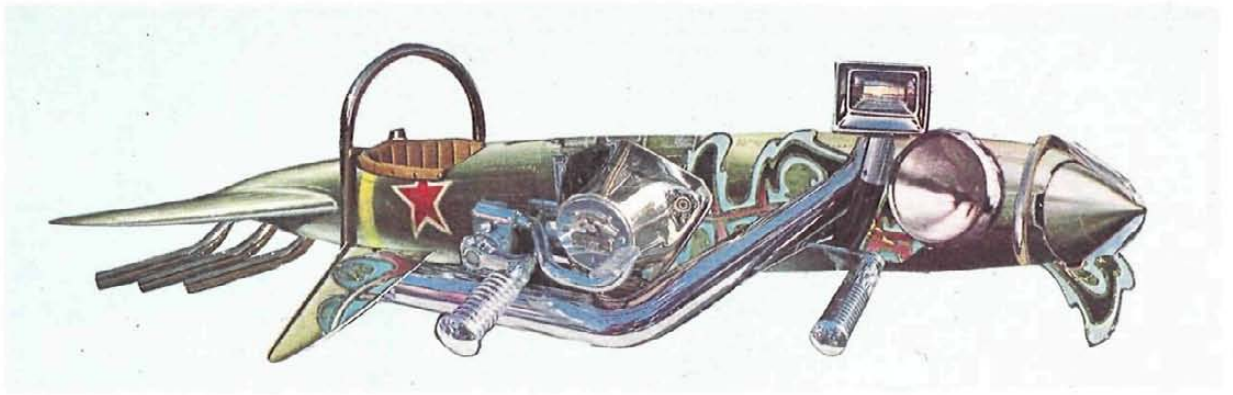


**NAME THROWER** This device hurls ignominy at the enemy in his native tongue. Few can stand unashamed before this blast of obscene rhetoric.

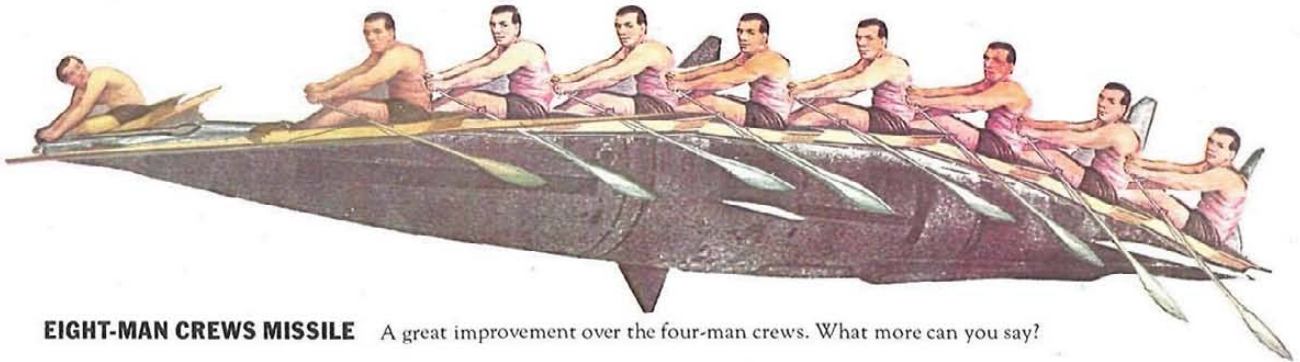


**AGENT ORANGE CRUSH** This fluid can be sprayed from airplanes. Enemy soldiers affected by the spray will find themselves all sticky and will break off most engagements in order to bathe.





**SAM AND DAVE ROCKETS** These are extremely colorful weapons. They are not much more effective than any other rockets but are designed to show the enemy our great sense of style.



**EIGHT-MAN CREWS MISSILE** A great improvement over the four-man crews. What more can you say?

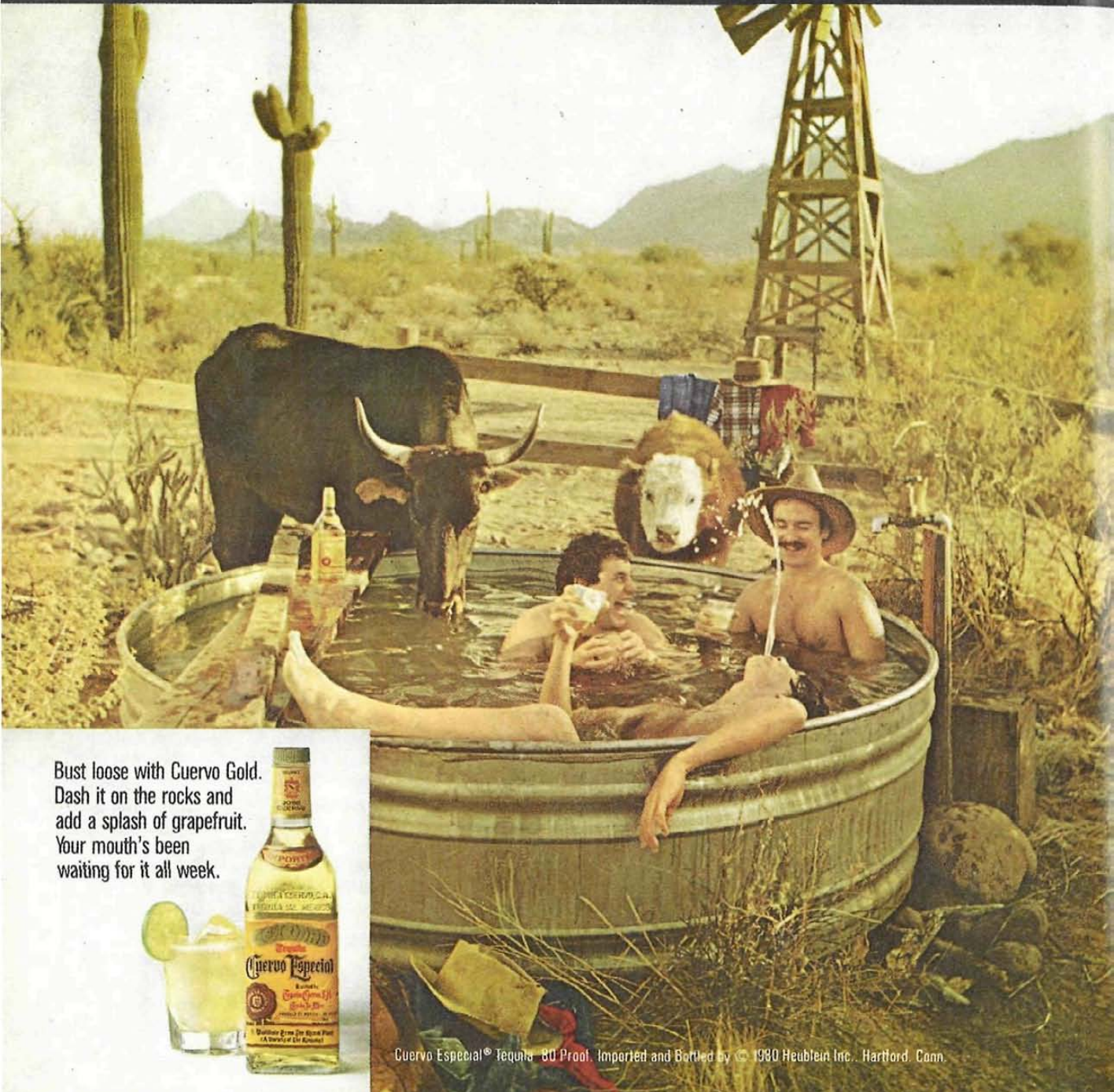


**SUBMARINE SANDWICH** Big ugly thing made of bologna and anchovies and lettuce travels under the ocean, to the great consternation of everyone. Still top secret, it is believed to be powered by oil and vinegar in some revolutionary fashion.

**PT-BARNUM BOAT** This naval vessel, with its tightrope-walking elephants, trapeze artists, and colorful clowns, makes excellent use of the element of surprise, the most important factor in determining the outcome of any naval battle. When enemy flotillas spot this boat they will certainly be surprised. □



**No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never.  
Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit.**



Bust loose with Cuervo Gold.  
Dash it on the rocks and  
add a splash of grapefruit.  
Your mouth's been  
waiting for it all week.



Cuervo Especial® Tequila 80 Proof. Imported and Bottled by © 1980 Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn.

# HALLOWEEN RAMPAGE

BY JOHN HUGHES

## DEVIL'S NIGHT—WHO NEEDS IT?

As a homeowner, I certainly don't. I have windows with screens that might be waxed and spray-painted and slit. I leave my car out. My garbage cans are always filled to the brim, and my children require separate jack-o'-lanterns, which means twice the mess to hose off the driveway in the morning. No, I don't think society needs Halloween vandalism. We



The McGuiness home, 1961

need youth clubs and riot police. We need stun guns and great big four-wheel-drive Jeep paddy wagons to cruise the streets for kids with suspicious-looking kit bags containing paint cans, pliers, tin snips, road flares, eggs, rocks, kitchen matches, fireworks, lighter fluid, tampons, paraffin, sugar, and rotting fish in sandwich bags.

I participated in this sort of stuff when I was a kid, but back then it was good old-fashioned fun, and no one I ever went soaping windows with

ever humiliated a front yard with a giant economy pack of Charmin. We scared the heck out of widows with our rubber masks and big plastic teeth, but they knew it was Halloween and I'd be willing to bet my paycheck that not more than one of them ever required medical attention as a result of my shenanigans. That's a good word, shenanigans, because that's what it was. Today, kids aren't interested in shenanigans. Shenanigans aren't any fun. Ringing doorbells is shenani-

gans. Pouring Mountain Dew in my gas tank is psychosickness.

Where does one draw the line? Was my slingshotting dog nuggets at fellow trick or treaters different from kids tearing up my automatic sprinkler system and hauling it out in the road? Was my heaving a condom filled with egg yolk at a passing car different from today's young men hurling burning road flares onto my garage roof? You bet, and for the simple reason that in 1980 the shoe's on the other



The Gibbons home, 1979

Louis Hock and Brian Wickheyser were enrolled in the seventh grade at a public school in Tucson, Arizona, though they were classified as gifted children and have IQs beyond the measurable range. According to Brian: "The only reason Louis and I aren't in a special institute for geniuses is that our parents want us to have normal childhoods. For instance, my father is privately concerned about my pussy situation. He believes that growing up around a lot of slouching science cracks who aren't interested in fucking and never get any sun would ruin what little chance I have to develop a tolerable personality. He's right, to an extent. I've seen the pussy at those accelerated schools, and it's not good. But my father fails to understand that even in the seventh grade the cunt walks a two-way street. Most reasonably socialized females could give a shit for guys like me

and Louis, especially Louis, because he's an unfortunate combination of Occidental and something white and has the body of a fat, miniaturized forty year old at age twelve. Frankly, I'm no cathode in the pussy beaker myself, but that's okay, because there are other aspects of this normal childhood I'm having that are just as

lowing voice recording twenty-four hours after that.

[WICKHEYSER] Test. Test. (Clicking sound) This is Brian Wickheyser. The day is Halloween, 1978. Time: 11:35 PM. We are in a shallow wash behind the residence of Dr.

Rudolph Baird, located at 1344 West Ironwood Drive, in the foothills section of Tucson, Arizona. Louis Hock and I are preparing to fire a

## OCTOBER 31, 1978

BY TOD CARROLL

appealing as girls are supposed to be; for example, vandalism."

Shortly after this statement was made, Brian sold off a fifty-thousand-dollar banker's acceptance from his trust fund and forwarded the proceeds to an address in South Africa. Ten days later, Louis and Brian picked up crates containing a selection of military hardware at Tucson International Airport, and made the fol-

bangalore torpedo into Baird's den. There are fifteen sections of metal tubing. Louis is attaching them end to end as I push the expanding pipe toward the house. One more section and we'll be done. Louis is now shoving the torpedo into this end of the pipe, so it'll be ready to fire when the time comes. [HOCK] This'll blow off the entire back of

# HALLOWEEN RAMPAGE



foot. I got chased around by plenty of angry old grouches, and if I knew their phone numbers, I'd call them up and apologize for running the garden hose through their mail chutes. And just as I risked having to work weekends to earn money to pay for side-walks that I poured enamel paint on, the youth of today will have to risk coming out of the record store to see a 1979 silver Chevy Caprice with a Reagan bumper sticker driving over several thousand dollars' worth of imported racing bikes.

## THE HOMEMADE DUMMY

1960 I made a dummy by sewing together an old pair of blue jeans, a long-sleeved flannel shirt, and beat-up tennis shoes. Then I stuffed the thing with crumpled-up newspaper and heaved it out

of the bathroom window on the second story of our house, yelling, "Suicide!" The perfect prank, until the fire department arrived to treat the elderly man across the street.

1961 I stole a bike with training wheels from the people across the street and attached the dummy to the seat with nails and glue. I taped the arms to

the handlebars with friction tape and wired the legs to the pedals. Then I whipped the bike down the driveway and right in front of a passing car. Hilarious, until a cop dragged me out of the clump of yew bushes I was watching from and gave me a Dutch rub and a kick in the butt.

1962 I laid the dummy

with a pumpkin head in the gutter and when a car came around the corner I screamed, "Look out!" The driver was unable to stop until she had run over the dum-

my mom's steak knives in its back and doused it with catsup. I rang the doorbell twelve times and dove into the bushes. After the woman stopped shrieking, I moaned in my "Shock Theater" voice, "You're next!" And it was just a riot, till when the Detroit police went to my dad's office and



my and the pumpkin, which made a horrible crunchy sound. Great fun, except for having to face my dad in his bathrobe at the police station and having to explain to him that lots of guys' dads have to go to police stations in their pajamas.

1963 I laid the dummy on a porch and stuck one of

arrested him after analyzing the dummy at the crime lab and tracing the laundry marks in the old shirt to him.

## MEMORIES OF BABY-SITTERS

Except maybe for golf courses, there wasn't any-

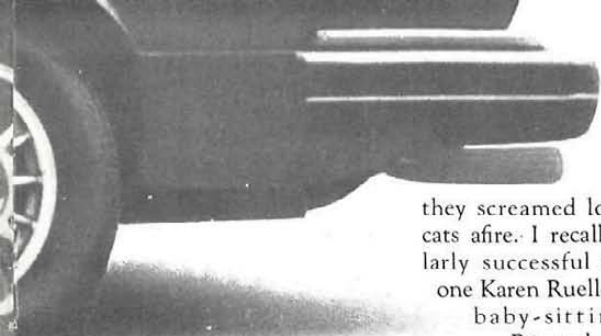
## OCTOBER 31, 1978

his house. [WICKHEYSER] Yeah, and the rest will fucking burn to the slab. [HOCK] Fuck you, Baird. (Laughter) [WICKHEYSER] Yeah, fucking Baird. The Baird family is the most overwhelmingly despised family in our neighborhood. Dr. Baird is one of those assholes who repeats the identical bullshit every time he sees you. Each week, when the paperboy makes change, he says, "This is really high finance," which he always follows with a chuckle that never has more or less than exactly two pulses. "Heh-heh," like that. Baird is always on his lawn, or whatever you call a yard that doesn't have any grass. He's got it covered with hundreds of different colors of gravel arranged in these totally Byzantine patterns outlined by rows of red bricks that

he sunk into the ground diagonally for a sawtooth effect. [HOCK] It's an aesthetic hell. [WICKHEYSER] Nevertheless, the asshole will call the police if you walk across it or will yell at you to pick up the rocks that might get kicked from one section to another. [HOCK] Yeah. He'll order you to come back and fix the rocks even when you're already across the street and in another yard. Can you imagine what kind of deluded prick would actually expect you to give enough of a shit about his lawn to turn around and go back? [WICKHEYSER] It's like when he keeps telling you to identify yourself while you're asking him to blow you on the phone. (Sound of a door opening and closing in the distance) [HOCK] Get down. Is that Baird? [WICKHEYSER] No, it's his wife. She's checking stuff on the clothesline to see if it's dry. Let's get

her. [HOCK] No, it'll fuck up our timetable. [WICKHEYSER] Oops, not quite dry, cunt face. Back into the house, cunt face. [HOCK] I wonder how long she and Rudolph will discuss the big disappointment at the clothesline? [WICKHEYSER] (Mimicks Mrs. Baird) Rudolph, I just can't figure it out. I put those clothes out this afternoon. Everything should be dry now. I just don't fucking understand it, Rudolph. [HOCK] (Mimicks Dr. Baird) Gee, Eleanor, has this ever happened before? Maybe we better call the police. [WICKHEYSER] Eleanor Baird. Now there's a real worthless piece of shit. She doesn't even know how to drive. She spends her entire day at the kitchen window fucking around at the sink and looking for troublemakers. [HOCK] She used to call them "Honda riders" when some of the older guys drove motorcycles around a lot, but





thing more fun for me than a baby-sitter. She'd be all alone in a big strange house with young children, and she knew she was just about completely helpless. On Halloween, most baby-sitters were nervous wrecks. There was nothing but scary stuff on TV, the doorbell was ringing constantly, and her years at summer camp taught her that most mental patients escape right around Halloween.

My favorite victims were my sister's high-school girl friends. Not only were they gullible, but



they screamed louder than cats afire. I recall a particularly successful assault on one Karen Rueller, who was baby-sitting for the Rivard children, Halloween, 1964.

8:15 PM I called Karen at the Rivards' and, disguising my voice, told her that I was an insane lunatic with metal feet and a deadly saw I stole from a carpenter I killed and ate, and that I was coming to get her.

8:30 PM I crushed a pair of Vernor's ginger-ale cans and tied them to my feet with my shoelaces and clomped around on the Rivards' porch, chanting, "I need blood! I need blood!"

8:35 PM I dropped a handsaw I stole from our neighbor's garage through the Rivards' mail slot and taped the doorbell down.

8:40 PM I rushed home and ran upstairs and called the Rivards' and told Karen, in my most adult voice, that I was the cops and that we'd gotten a report that the lunatic with the metal feet was in the basement of the house and was on his way up to kill her and that she should run out on the lawn and take off her blouse so we, the police, would know it was her and not the lunatic's insane girlfriend accomplice.

8:42 PM I dashed out of our house and down to the Rivards', where Karen was standing in the front yard struggling with her blouse buttons and screaming at the top of her lungs. I whipped an egg at her, which caught her in the shoulder, and I took off.

3:30 PM the following day Karen's boyfriend, Chet, wrote the word "Asswipe" on my forehead with a permanent-ink laundry

marker and tore the light off my bike.

## FUN ON THE HALL PHONE

After I had gotten home from a long evening of Halloween hooliganism, I'd fix myself something good to eat and sit down at the telephone table in the downstairs hallway. First thing I would do was dial the operator and tell her that a phone line was down in my backyard and was spraying dangerous electrical sparks all



HERE ARE THE LATEST READINGS AND FORECAST FOR THE HONG KONG METROPOLITAN AREA AS OF 12:05. THE...

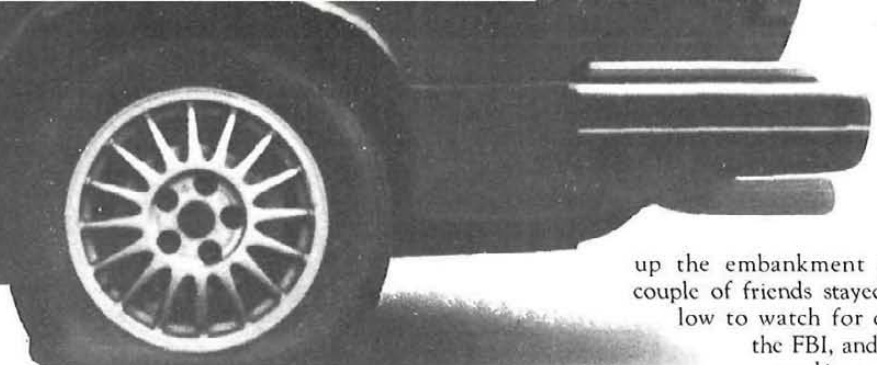
over. Then I'd call up information and ask for the number of a Mr. Harry Dick. Then I'd call up our local youth trouble line and ask where I could get a whore. I would then unscrew the mouthpiece on the phone and dial a number at random. When someone answered I'd tell them that I was with the coroner's office

now she's reverted back to "trouble-maker." [WICKHEYSER] I think Ellie's from Wisconsin or someplace where they have a lot of pulpy, Germanic androids who wash their walls every week. [HOCK] Once I saw her punish that fucked-up kid of hers by rinsing his mouth out with soap. Who the fuck does that? [WICKHEYSER] Boy, Ellie was really in her prime when the little turd died. Billy Baird went on a Boy Scouts hike near the air-force gunnery range at Gila Bend, when some of the scouts decided to go hunt for shell casings from the jets. Naturally, Billy got lost and died of thirst in the desert, so Mrs. Baird started going around the neighborhood trying to get everyone to help pressure the air force to build a three-hundred-and-fifty-mile, seventy-five-million-dollar wall around their gunnery range, so the future

Billy Bairds of the world couldn't get in. [HOCK] Of course, the air force eventually told her to go fuck herself. [WICKHEYSER] Maybe some air-force kid at school had the nauseating misfortune to watch Billy tear out the corners of pages from his books and roll them into wads and eat them, so he got his dad to strafe the little pecker. (Laughter) [HOCK] Okay, let's go. (Sound of footsteps on the sand) [WICKHEYSER] It's two minutes to midnight. We're crossing the backyard and going to circle around the side to make final adjustments on our costumes. [HOCK] Look. [WICKHEYSER] We'll tell her it's dry now and that we thought we'd bring it in for her. (Sound of clothes rustling) We're fixing our costumes now. Louis is wearing an angel outfit. It has large tinfoil wings and an egregious, garbage-can-lid-sized halo made from coat-

hanger wire and more tinfoil. I'm wearing a blue, chalk-striped, three-piece banker's suit that I had specially tailored. I also have on these nearly opaque black sunglasses and a porkpie hat. (Sound of more footsteps; a doorbell rings thirty-one times in rapid succession; a door opens) [HOCK, WICKHEYSER] (Very loud) Trick or treat. [BAIRD] (Angrily) Isn't it a little late for trick or treating, kids? [HOCK] Well, actually, if you haven't got any candy left, we'd settle for a drink. [WICKHEYSER] Yeah, I could really use a Scotch. I'm fuckin' all nerves tonight, you know what I mean? [BAIRD] Listen, you punks, I know who you are. Now get off this property or I'll...[HOCK] (Cutting him off) Hey, Rudolph. What'd you do with Billy's bike? [BAIRD] Get out of here now. I'm calling the authorities. [WICKHEYSER] If that's Billy's old

# HALLOWEEN RAMPAGE



and that there had been a death. When the other party asked who had died, I would jiggle the mouthpiece so that it crackled and I'd say, "Hello? Hello? I can't hear you! Hello?" Then I'd hang up and order a dozen pizzas and half a dozen Italian beef sandwiches for the A's in the phone book. After that I'd ring up the fire department and tell them that I couldn't wake my parents and that the house smelled funny and that I felt like throwing up. Then I'd gag and hang up. If I wasn't ready for bed after all that, I'd call up a girl in my class, and if her dad answered, I'd tell him that she left her underpants in my garage. If I was still in the mood for fun, I'd call our minister and cut the cheese. Finally, I would look in our newspaper obituaries and get the name of someone in town who'd died and then look up his phone number. I'd place a collect call to his house,

saying I was him. Then I'd leave a big booger on the mouthpiece of the phone and go to bed. If, however, I was sleeping over at friend's house, I'd dial long-distance weather and leave the phone off the hook all night.

## SUBURBAN GRAFFITI '63

It wasn't until I was in the seventh grade that I felt comfortable enough with my handwriting to vandalize public property. I decided that a good exterior oil-base house paint would have the best chance of surviving the municipal scrub brushes (that, and it was the only paint down in the basement that wasn't all hard and dried up).

My target was to be the Milwaukee Road railway un-

derpass. There were two reasons why. First, there was the thrill of knowing that as you painted you could get run over by the Duluth-South Bend mail express; and second, it had just recently been cleaned of all the high-school homecoming graffiti. Being a bright young man, I knew that an ordinary gross word wouldn't raise an eyebrow. As cool as the word "fuck" was, it didn't raise enough adult neck hairs to bother with.

Late at night, I climbed

up the embankment as a couple of friends stayed below to watch for cops, the FBI, and railroad investigators. I stretched out on the road bed and leaned over and began furiously painting, repeating to myself over and over the letters of the words I was using, to avoid an embarrassing misspelling. I finished in what must have been record time and scrambled without detection, and to this day I'll wager that the old retired police chief still recalls that fabulous shutter-green "FINGER FUCK" painted upside down on the rail-

road underpass. □



## OCTOBER 31, 1978

bike in the carport, we'd like you to get on it. *(Sounds of trick-or-treat bag rustling, loud metal clicking)* [HOCK] Right away, Rudolph. [BAIRD] *(Alarmed)* What do you have there? Those are guns. What are you doing with guns? [HOCK] More specifically, they're nine-millimeter Ingram submachine guns, Rudolph, and what we're doing with them is telling you to shut up, close the door, get on the bike, and do what we tell you. Now. *(Sounds of door closing, footsteps, bicycle kickstands)* [WICKHEYSER] We're now riding toward the school, where Dr. Baird, of the truculent, abusive, douche bag Baird family, is going to spray-paint appalling profanities all over the walls and smash out the new lights at the Little League diamond. [BAIRD] *(Winded)* You boys are in a

lot of trouble, believe me. [HOCK] Cut across that lawn, Rudolph; the rock one, like yours. It's not as advanced as yours, but you should be able to fuck it up okay if you ride real slow and drag one of your feet through the gravel. *(Sounds of gravel churning, bicycle crashing)* [WICKHEYSER] I realize you're nervous, Rudolph, but you've got to remember that the first maxim of property damage is to get in and out of the yard as fast as possible. These people could be real assholes, like you and your wife, that never lose consciousness in their entire lives. They hear tennis shoes on grass fifty feet from their house at four in the morning, not to mention dipshits who run their bikes into the bedroom wall. Now get out of the bush and haul ass. [BAIRD] *(Moaning)* I'll see to it you monsters are put in prison. [HOCK] Shut up.

*(Section deleted from tape)*  
[WICKHEYSER] Is this the first eight-foot-high "Fuck" you've ever spray-painted on a school? [BAIRD] *(Demonstrating signs of emotional stress)* I've never done anything like this. It makes me sick. [HOCK] Rudolph, when you spray the next word, go slower, so the paint drips. It looks more psycho when it's obvious you took a lot of time and held the can two inches from the wall.

*(Section deleted from tape)*  
*(Sound of bulb exploding)* [WICKHEYSER] Look out for the glass. [HOCK] Those fucking vapor lamps really do it. Good shot, Rudolph. [BAIRD] Do you boys know how much this is costing? [WICKHEYSER] Of course. [HOCK] Let's go to the hospital.

*(Section deleted from tape)*  
[WICKHEYSER] We are now en route to the hospital. The new wing of  
*continued on page 78*



## **“Clarion’s new Magi-Tune™ FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer.”**

*Bob Angus — Noted audio expert and columnist*

“Let’s start where I did, on the streets of San Francisco, where high-rise buildings and street intersections form typical urban canyons in which stereo signal strength varies widely within a few feet.

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# CURSES

 In June of this year, the American Society of Witches and Warlocks held its annual convention at the Cragmoor Inn in Carmel, California. As is the case with many conventions, romantic affairs quickly blossom. A warlock named Richard Harkavy started two at the same time. He was a tall, well-built man in his mid-forties, with a shaved head and a Zapata moustache. Most women found him attractive, if not outright charismatic. He had a large following in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he lived and practiced. Harkavy thought of himself as a liberated man, a believer in "freedom" for both sexes. At the Cragmoor Inn he was conducting simultaneous affairs with two witches, Cora Bayliss and Jean LaPierre.



BY GERALD SUSSMAN

Harkavy was an artful manipulator of women, skillful at arranging his time so he could see Cora and then Jean for a good part of the day without interfering with his busy convention schedule. Besides the usual seminars and speeches, he was cochairman of the Farewell Boat Ride and Orgy Committee, handling the catering, the party decorations, and the "bedding" for the orgy itself. (Harkavy favored Japanese futon mattresses, which could be rolled out and easily spread on the floors. The others on the committee preferred oversized pillows, which he thought were "old-fashioned and tacky.")

Harkavy's juggling act fell apart on the third day of the convention when he was discovered, by Cora Bayliss, during the happy hour in the Sandpiper Room, popping beer nuts into the mouth of Jean LaPierre while French kissing her obscenely.

Cora Bayliss was a tall, large-boned woman in her late thirties, with a strong face that featured high, prominent cheekbones and a slightly hooked nose that was not unattractive. If her hair were dark black, she would have been mistaken for an Indian. Her hair was light brown. Jean LaPierre (LaPierre was not her real surname) was a shapely blond, of an age difficult to guess. She wore her hair in an upswept style topped with curls, a forties look complete with makeup and shoulder-padded, body-clinging dresses. Both women had gone through affairs and marriages. Both thought they had finally found the ideal man in Harkavy. They were determined to capture him.


When a witch falls in love, even a "white" or "good" witch, it is a highly possessive, all-consuming affair, an obsession that cannot be stifled; if the love is stifled, the "black" part of her soul comes forth and she becomes a prisoner of her own demons. Cora and Jean came to the

convention to find a man and to get married. Unfortunately, they found the same man. When they discovered this, their obsessions became even more intense, their private demons even more demonic. When Cora saw her beloved Harkavy putting his fingers and his tongue (and the beer nuts) into Jean's eager, heavily lipsticked mouth, it was hate at first sight for the unsuspecting Jean.

Cora interrupted them with a cold, hard stare. Harkavy made smooth, easy introductions. Cora gave them a smile that would crack ice and continued to stare at Jean. Jean took a deep swallow of her drink, a Manhattan, and promptly threw up all over Harkavy's Yves Saint Laurent white polished-cotton pants. Cora had put a spell on her drink and turned it into cider vinegar.

Jean understood what was happening. Harkavy was taken by surprise but managed to splutter the usual liberated line about having enough love for both of them, about a "beautiful relationship" that could develop between all three. He tried desperately to make peace between the witches. He reminded them that he was a warlock who specialized in sexual love and had a tremendous capacity to satisfy women in every manner. He once deflowered fourteen virgins in one night of rituals. He frequently did "guest shots" at prestigious black masses. Most important, he loved both of them and assured them of genuinely equal and adoring treatment. Jean's answer to this was to produce a large spider, a spider that fell from the wagon-wheel chandelier right into Harkavy's glass of California mountain burgundy. Harkavy was so startled that the drink splashed all over his matching white silk shirt. His outfit was beginning to look like the middle stages of a Jackson Pollock painting.

Cora and Jean did not buy Harkavy's proposition. They were old-fashioned, monogamous types. They were in love with Harkavy, "possessed" by him, and in turn they wanted to possess him. This is the way witches love. Harkavy was the coveted prize. Only one could have him.

 The next morning was a California beauty, sunny and cool, with the promise of more gentle warmth. Harkavy, the eternal, egotistical optimist, had just finished a hearty breakfast of eggs, pancakes, bacon, maple syrup, bran muffins, and coffee, a carbohydrate and sugar delight that made him strangely horny. He was in the mood for the round, soft body of Jean LaPierre. Her door was locked and chained, but this didn't stop a warlock. He slipped in


and found Jean still asleep. He ravished her. Jean responded with deepening ardor. Harkavy thrilled to her cries and moans. She was now sufficiently awake for a long session of lovemaking. His fingers and tongue played her body as if it were a musical instrument, a tenor saxophone or a French horn. He made her sit on his face so he could insert his extraordinary tongue into her wet place, a tongue that could perform with the efficiency of a mechanical vibrator. He felt her juices oozing into his mouth. But they had an unfamiliar taste and texture. He touched his mouth and jumped back in shock. Jean was menstruating. Jean looked down at herself and cried aloud. She had just concluded her period the week before. It was impossible. The mood was shattered. Harkavy was limp. Jean was still flowing and had not brought any tampons. Harkavy was forced to dress and run down to the drugstore for a box of Tampax Supers. By the time he got back, Jean was normal again. It was Cora's work, of course. Cora was a worthy adversary, Jean thought. No more spiders falling into drinks. This was war.

Jean found a copy of Crowley's *Manual of the Black Arts* and studied it carefully. She was not a "black" witch—neither was Cora—but they both could use the black forces if necessary, and they had wills of steel. Jean stayed in her room and concentrated on one page.

Cora, meanwhile, was in high spirits. The telltale twitch in the back of her neck and the tingle of her scalp were signs that her little trick had worked. And when she happened to walk out of her room and see Harkavy dashing down the hall with a big box of Tampax Supers she was thrilled.

By noon, Harkavy had calmed down and invited Cora to a poolside lunch. The weather was perfect for tanning, and both were sun worshipers. No one minded their nudity as they stripped, oiled themselves, and settled down into the gentle California midday warmth. In a little while, the piña colodas, the cold salmon, and the Johannesburg Riesling helped put the couple into a blissful sleep. Some thoughtful poolsideers eventually covered them with towels so they wouldn't get a bad burn.

Cora awoke at five. Harkavy was still asleep. The pool was empty. Most of the guests were gone, to nap, to change for cocktails and dinner. Cora tried to get up but felt unusually sluggish and heavy. She pulled off the towel and saw why. She was too frightened to scream. Her stomach had swelled to at least five times its normal size. She was pregnant.

 **Cora** wobbled slowly to her feet, unaccustomed to the new massive weight. Her swimsuit was useless to her now. She clutched the two pieces to her pubic area and her breasts and walked with dignity to her room. Jean LaPierre is certainly no amateur, thought Cora; I gave her one in the genitals and she gave me a good one right back.


Cora had to spend most of the night undoing the damage done by Jean. Three of her friends, also witches, helped make a horrible-tasting potion she had to drink to shrink her stomach back to normal. By now, word was spreading about the rivalry of Jean and Cora over Harkavy. Harkavy realized it was time to keep a low profile, something he didn't like doing at a convention like this. He became more interested in the seminars and workshops, instead of swimming, sailing, and suntanning.

The next afternoon Jean was participating in one of the most popular seminars of the convention. The subject was



"Aleister Crowley: Madman or Devil?" Jean had recently written a well-received monograph on Crowley's black arts for *Taboo*, the monthly magazine of the American Society of Witches and Warlocks, and was reading it aloud. She felt that Crowley had been terribly misunderstood, especially when he wore his black, cone-shaped hat with the gold stars on it. She was explaining the significance of Crowley's hat to a huge, enraptured audience, when the sound started.

At first the audience ignored it, but when the unmistakable sound grew louder and more rhythmic, they began to giggle. Jean was appalled at their rudeness. For a moment she didn't know that the sound was coming from her. She seemed to have no control over what was happening. As soon as she made a telling point about Crowley, the sound would emerge, like a punctuation mark, completely destroying the seriousness of her statement. She tried to constrict her muscles, but that didn't work. The audience was now laughing harder. She was being reduced to a clown. She tried speaking faster, in the hope of "putting one over" on her involuntary flatulence, but it got worse. The sound came out as fast as she could read her paper, machine gun style, matching her word for word, stopping when she stopped, starting when she started. The audience was now rolling on the floor, teary with laughter. It was Cora's work again. She planted some kind of flatulence demon inside Jean, a demon with a life all his own, who could cue his farts any way at all to undercut and upstage her. Cora was using public ridicule as her new weapon and it was working. Jean became the laughing stock of the convention.

 **Of course**, everyone was wondering what Jean would do to retaliate. She spent the next few days licking her wounds and planning her move. Whatever it was, it would have to happen fast, because the convention was on its last day, culminating in the all-night boat ride and orgy.

The night of the boat ride was perfect. The boat was actually a huge yacht owned by one of the wealthy followers of a major coven in Los Angeles. There were cocktails and dinner, followed by dancing, followed by the ingestion of rare and wonderful drugs, which would lead to the orgy itself. Over one hundred revelers were getting into the act as the yacht drifted farther and farther out to sea. By midnight the dancing turned more sexual in nature and the party naturally gravitated to the staterooms, where large cushions were strewn about (Harkavy lost his fight for Japanese futon mattresses).

Everyone had to wear a mask and move about the room, circulating, navigating, groping for a partner. The disco background music grew louder and more sexually insistent. Cora lost sight of Harkavy as the bodies began to intertwine. Suddenly, someone flung himself on top of her and entered her violently. It was a remarkably unattractive warlock from Buffalo named Arnold, a chubby, hairy man with the smell of a tuna-and-onion canapé on his breath. Cora tried to push him off, but he wouldn't budge. She asked him to get off for a moment, but he said he couldn't. He wanted to fuck her, but it seemed that he couldn't move. Cora was enraged. She grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed outward with all her strength. Nothing happened. He remained inside her, getting even tighter. Cora cursed Jean loudly but couldn't be heard over the din of the music. She realized that she was trapped in some kind of vaginismus, a horrible spell / *continued on page 91*

**LETTERS**

*continued from page 32*

Sirs:

I am presently writing a biography of Matty Simmons, the board chairman of your parent company, and would appreciate any material pertaining to the work. All replies will remain confidential.

Lillian Hellman  
Martha's Vineyard

Sirs:

*A horse is a horse  
Of course, of course  
And no one can have sexual inter-  
course with a horse  
Of course  
That is, of course  
Unless the horse  
Is the famous Mister Ed!*

Dick Francis  
Tarzana, Cal.

Sirs:

A specter is haunting Europe.  
Look out! There it is! *Boo!* Oh my  
God! Quick, we've got to get away!  
*Boo!* Ahhhh! This is horrible! *Boo!*  
We've got to get out of Europe!  
Quick, let's go to South Amer— *Boo!*  
Oh, no, it's too late! *Aaahhhhhhh!*

Karl Marx  
Friedrich Engels  
London, England

Sirs:

I have an unlisted home telephone number, see, because I am a US senator and get lots of harassing calls. Well *ha ha ha* the other day I got a call at the office and *ha ha ha* the guy was really mad because he couldn't reach me at home. So I said *ha ha ha...oh, God, this is going to kill you...ha ha ha...I said, "Why didn't you look in the yellow pages?" Get it? Ha ha ha ha ha...*

S.I. Hayakawa  
US Senate

Sirs:

I'm old and I'm fat and I'm smelly. Yet every night the sexiest woman in the world fucks me. Go figure it out.

Carlo Ponti  
Rome

Sirs:

I'm getting sick and tired of reporters writing that I don't care about playing basketball and am just a malingeringer. I'll be ready to play just as soon as my freckles heal.

Bill Walton  
San Diego, Cal.

Sirs:

Okay, I'm a fag. Are you happy now?

Edward Koch  
New York, NY

Sirs:

I don't want to alarm anybody, but have any of you noticed how much Ringo Starr and Yasir Arafat look alike? I mean, it's just a coincidence, but put a burnoose on the little drummer boy and who have you got? I mean, it's absurd, I know, but didn't Arafat and Ringo start getting famous about the same time? And when one of them was in the news, wasn't the other one always "on vacation"? And when the Beatles started getting rich, didn't the PLO start receiving money from "mysterious" sources? And, let's face it, with that "Liverpool" accent, you couldn't understand the Beatle any better than the Arab fella, could you? Just talking out loud here, but it's quite a *...heh-heh...coincidence, wouldn't you say?*

J. Doe  
CIA

Sirs:

Lately I keep falling from high places and getting hit by trucks and buses, among other things. I think the problem is that I've forgotten what I'm supposed to be afraid of. Could you please send me a list?

Teddy Toilman  
Perth Amboy, NJ  
*continued on page 77*

Imported from France 80 proof.

**"You want a Benedictine what...?"**

**Sundowner:** 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. light or gold rum, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

**Spinnaker:** 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. gin, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

**Moonglow:** 1oz. each of Benedictine, white crème de cacao and light cream, shake with ice and pour.

**Yellowjacket:** 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. vodka, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

**Martinique:** 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. light rum, 4oz. pineapple juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Introducing 5 unheard of simply smashing new drinks inspired by BÉNÉDICTINE

# If World War II Had Been Fought Like the War in Vietnam

BY P.J. O'ROURKE AND TOD CARROLL

BASED ON AN IDEA BY CAPT. GEORGE S. RICKLEY, USMC, RET.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICK GEARY



■ In response to the Pearl Harbor Incident, American military advisers were sent to Midway Island to assist natives in strengthening their defense against possible Japanese aggression.



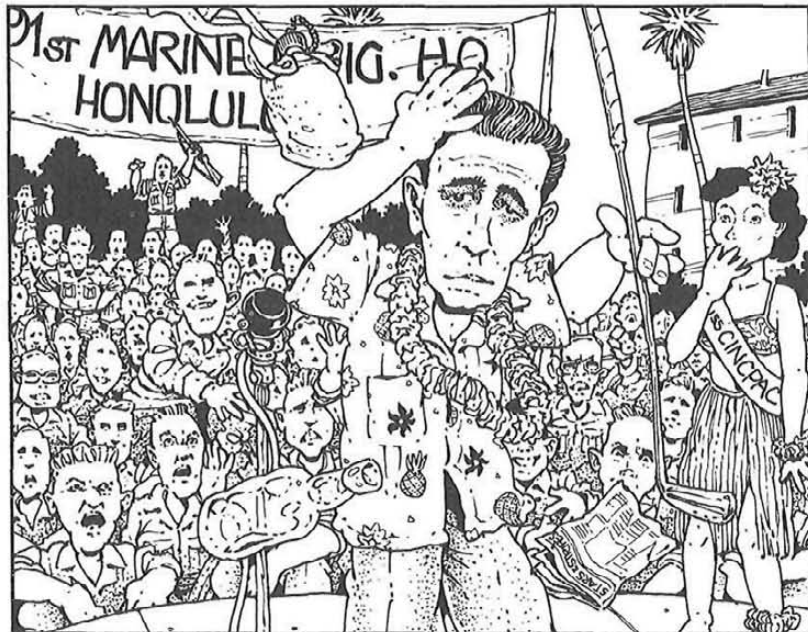
■ And despite the clamor against sending US troops overseas, many Americans, the so-called silent majority, initially supported the war effort. Fueled by events on the other side of the world, the American economy was booming.



■ American involvement in the war grew, both in Europe and the Pacific. Here, a GI from one of the units involved in Lt. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower's North African incursion gives a reporter the peace sign.

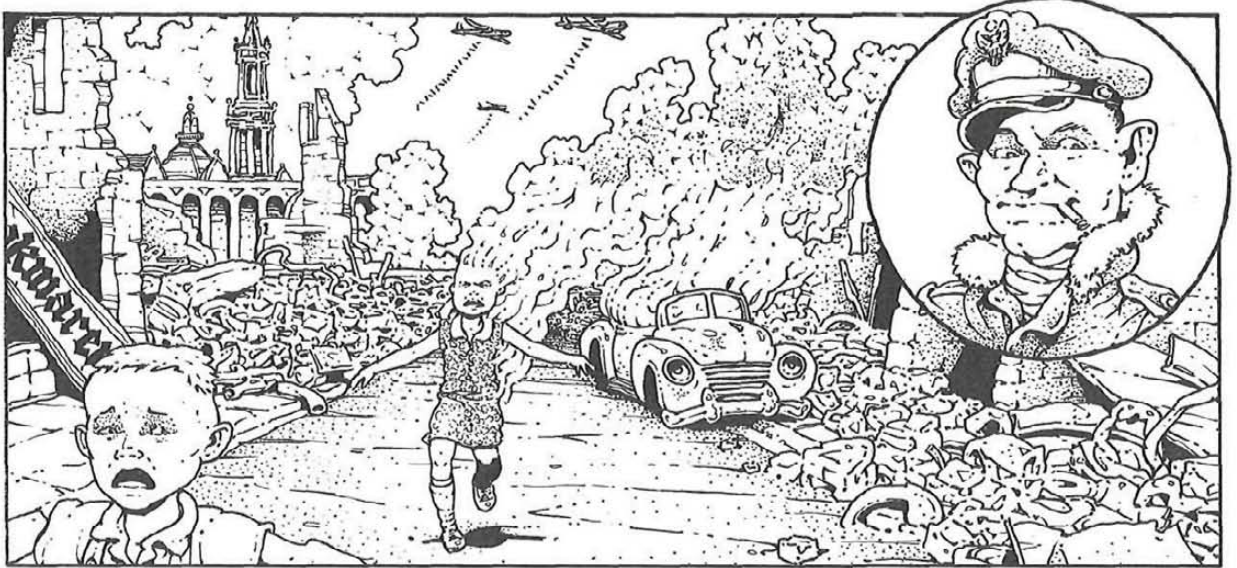


■ Baseball star Ted Williams claimed the status of conscientious objector. He was suspended from the American League for thirty days.



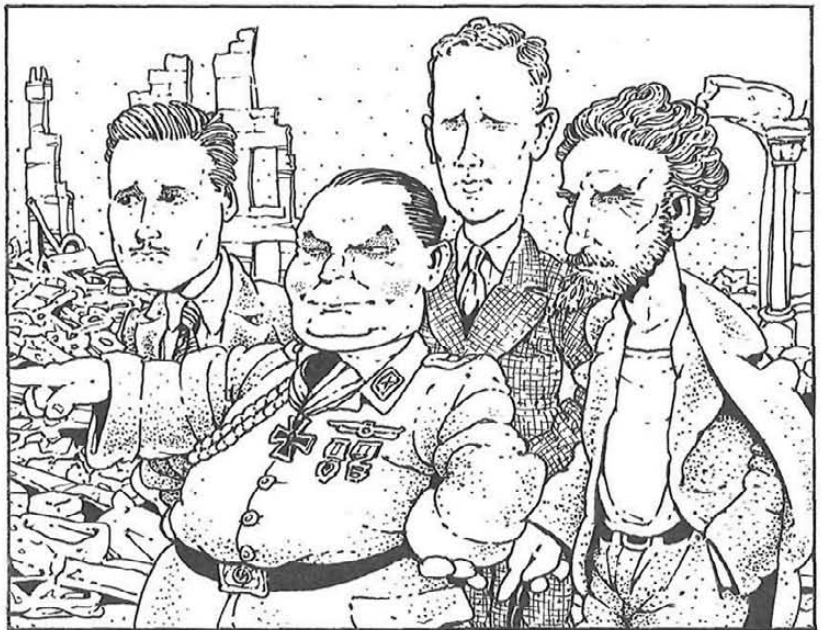
■ Troop morale was low. Patriotic entertainer Humphrey Bogart was booed at USO performances.





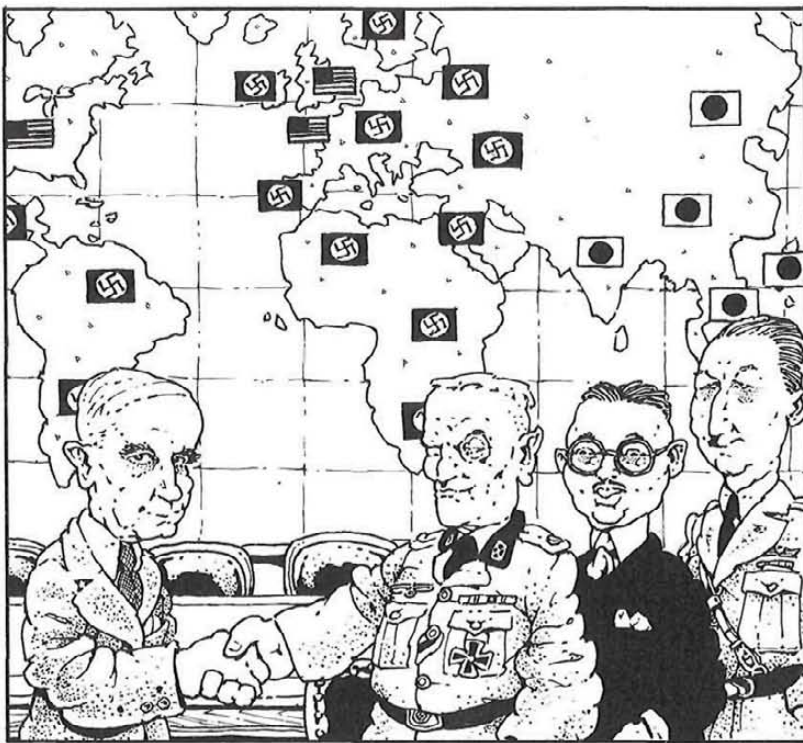
■ (Top) Capt. Ronald E. Beale, a young bomber pilot, was court-martialed for murdering civilians in the German city of Dresden.

■ (Right) A delegation of prominent peace activists from the United States, including, left to right, Errol Flynn, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and Ezra Pound, inspected bombing damage in Bremen, Germany. The US State Department declined comment on whether charges would be filed against the activists for violating the US travel ban to Axis countries.



■ (Below) Mobs of youthful war protesters tried to wreck the 1944 Democratic National Convention. Disheartened and exhausted by the nationwide dissent caused by the war, President Roosevelt decided not to seek a fourth term.





■ Secretary of State Cordell Hull met with Axis representatives in Paris to negotiate a peace settlement. America wanted to "bring the boys home with honor."



■ Warning signs were posted on the Dutch border in the wake of international protests set off by Gen. George S. Patton's hot pursuit of German troops into the neutral Netherlands.



■ President Truman ordered a bombing halt of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in hopes of spurring deadlocked peace negotiations.



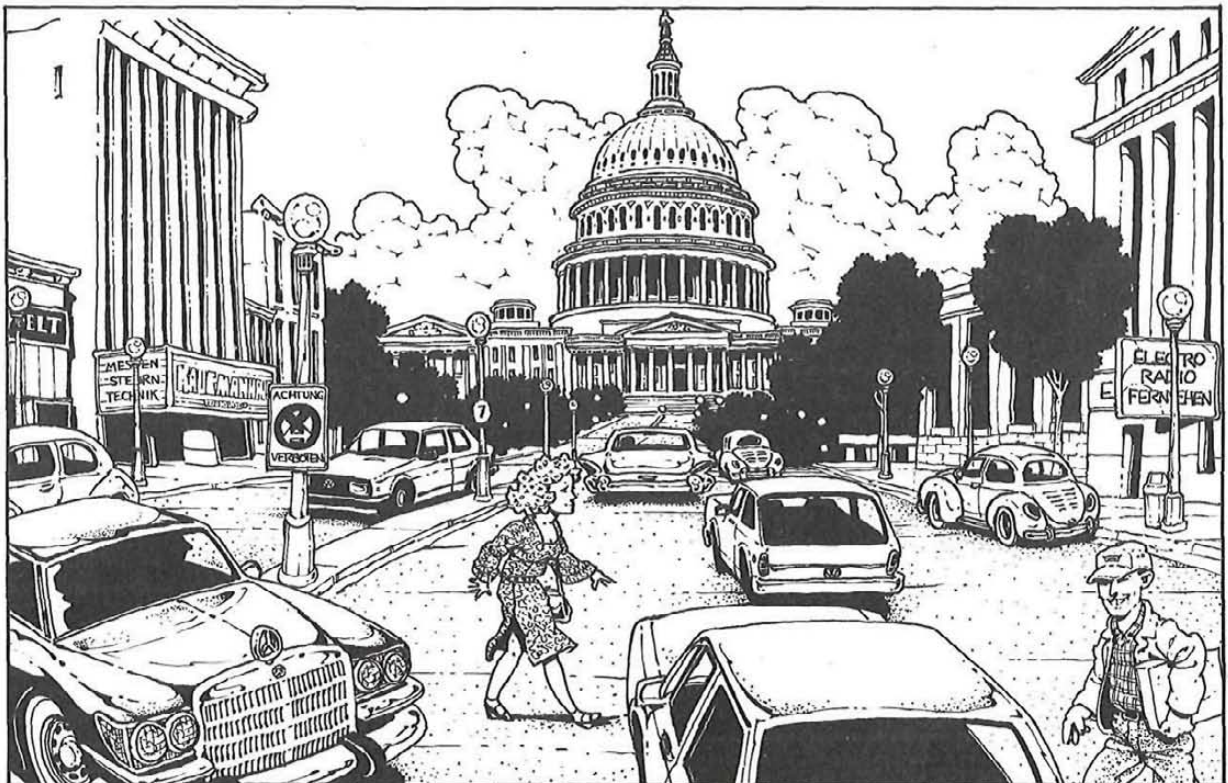
■ The final contingent of American troops was pulled out of Oahu, completing the Hawaiianization of the war in the Pacific.



■ With the fall of London imminent, American diplomats and dependents gathered for evacuation on the roof of the US embassy. Unfortunately, helicopters had not been invented yet.



■ German occupation of most territories was peaceful, although some people who were identified as having “democratic tendencies” were temporarily placed in reeducation centers.



■ Today, thirty-six years after the end of American involvement in the controversial Second World War, the country finds itself at peace, once again a unified nation. □

# BULL

## EDDIE

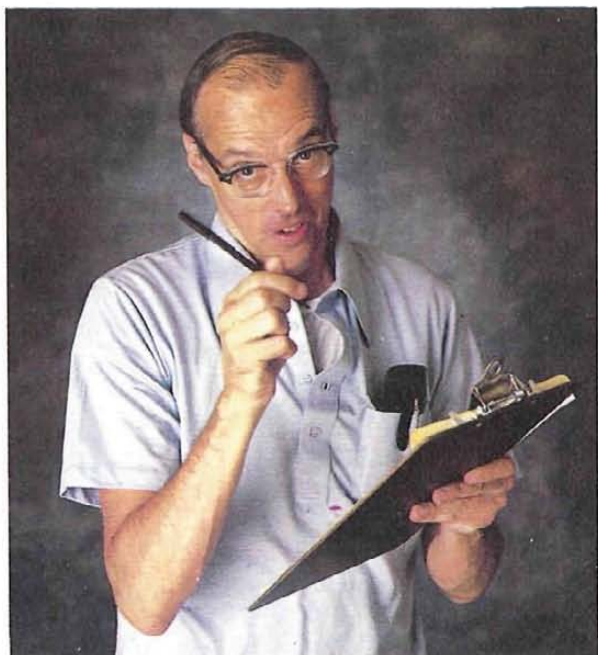
Although he is small and delicate, he is not bright and sensitive. He is a neat but unfashionable dresser who drives thirty-five miles to a little drug-store in Cicero, Illinois, to buy Wild-root cream oil for his hair because he likes the smell of it. He carries a picture of his parents in his wallet. He isn't married but has been going for eleven years with a gal who works nights at a binding factory. He is a warehouse manager for a large insurance company and supervises a staff of elderly men working part-time to supplement pension benefits, high school work-study program members, and the sons and friends of company executives. During his stint in the navy he learned the excruciating punishment of busywork and absurd detail and will lash out at his workers by making them sweep under storage shelves, clean the wall-clock face with ammonia and hot water, and polish the chrome on his immaculate 1973 Olds

Cutlass, which he parks backward in his private parking slot. He believes that the tight ship he runs will count for points with the big boys at the home office, but they'll never promote him, because they know that men who devote their lives to warehouses are hard to find. His life as a bully will likely end when the company's racial-quota policy puts a young black fellow in his department and his reaction to damp-mopping the loading dock proves to be extremely negative.

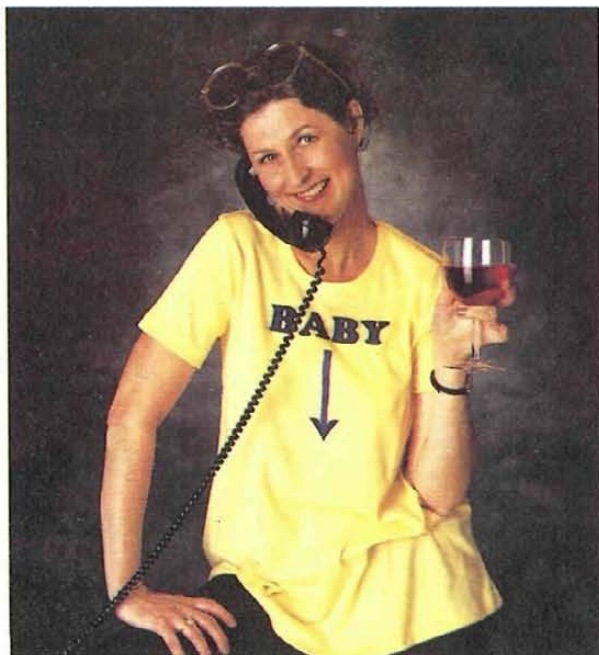
## LYNN

She enjoyed great success as a high-school bully, where she excelled in humiliating the ugly, the poor, and the unfashionable, including the dippy guy with the tie shoes and briefcase who ended up directing movies in Hollywood and whom she now describes as "an old flame from Livonia High." She married the "big catch" from her hometown, who in time gave her nothing more than a gaggle of squalling brats who reduced her once

perfect bosom to a sexless pair of udders and left her belly looking like pink alligator hide. As an adult bully she uses more refined, subtle, and indirect methods to ridicule and exercise power over people, most of whom are her physical, social, and economic superiors. "My youngest is just a genius," she says between sips of white wine as the youngster beats on you with a wooden block. "It must be frustrating for him to play with ordinary children!" The old people, the crippled and retarded, the poor and disadvantaged that she so joyfully mocked in her youth, she belittles today by referring to them as "special little people I just feel so sorry for." Her main weapon is the telephone. With it she can insult and backstab everyone she knows in a single morning and have her afternoons free to sit at the beach and deliver whispered commentary on the "Jewish bitches," women who can't control their children, ugly babies, and "whores" in string bikinis, with an occasional "I've



EDDIE



LYNN

# IES

BY JOHN HUGHES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENNIS CHALKIN

had five kids and my body is as good as any of those teenagers' over there." As more and more of her life disintegrates, she is forced to throw herself upon her friends for comfort and support, espousing the virtues of friendship. However, when it is her turn to comfort and console, she simply says, "There's nothing you can do about it. It's God's will." And you realize that the five nights you stayed up talking her out of suicide would have been better spent in bed watching ABC's late-night "Love Boat."

## LOU

He got to be a bully by growing up in a neighborhood where "if you put your guard down for a minute, you got one of these—*wham!*" No matter how deep he gets into the suburbs, he can't shake his street smarts. He thinks handicapped parking spaces were created for persons with disabilities and/or canary yellow Eldorados. He intimidates in small ways, like asking how much you make for a living, how

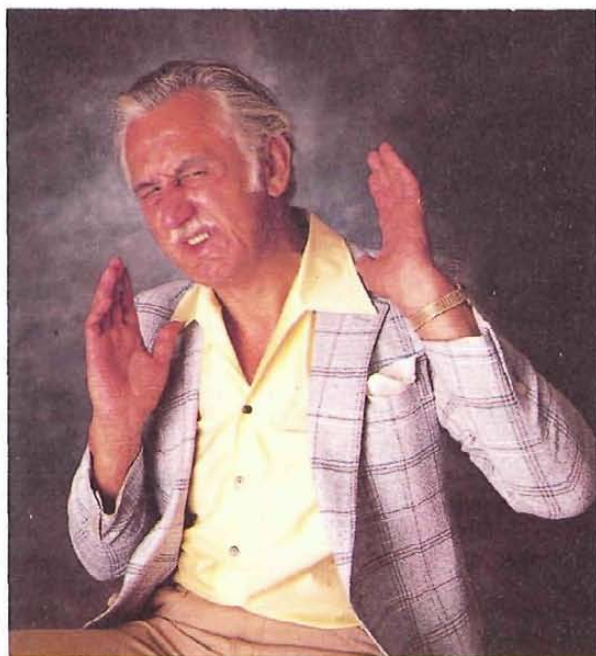
much your sofa cost, how many times a week you have intercourse, and would it be all right if he parks his boat in your driveway, since you're too cheap to buy a second car. He owns a company that makes powdered beverages and hires only blacks, because he'd feel too guilty having whites work for what he pays. He calls all the men who work for him "Junior" and prevails upon them to do work around his home on weekends and during their vacation periods. He has your kid cut his grass all summer and never pays him, and when you finally have to go over and collect he moans about the piss-poor job the kid did and says that if it were his son, he'd beat him to within an inch of his life. He terrorizes his wife (who must drink heavily and take tranquilizing drugs to tolerate the abuse) by telling dinner guests about the time she got locked out of her hotel room in Hawaii wearing nothing but "shoes and two acres of skin" and by asking her for confirmation if during pregnancy

her nipples got as big as "hamburger buns." His favorite weapons besides his car are lawyers and police, both of which he will notify for anything from not reacting quickly enough to a green light to leaving him off your Christmas-card list. After his bypass operations, it shouldn't be too long before you and seven other poor souls will be laboring under the weight of a 3,500-pound Empire-style casket.

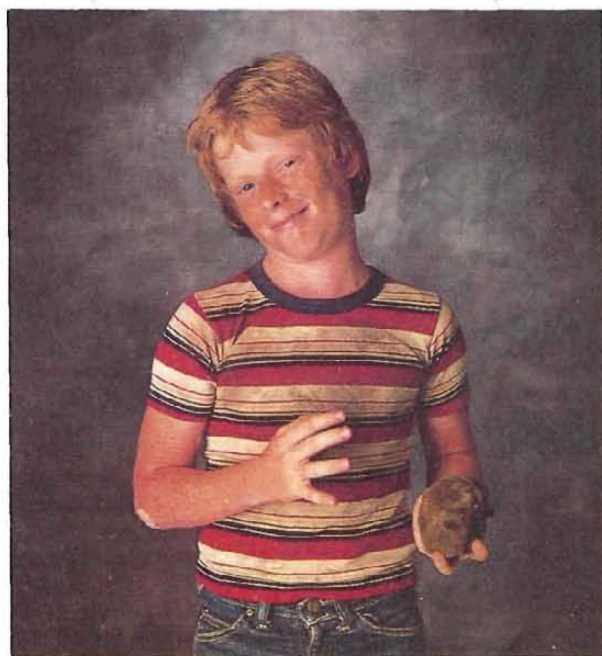
## DONNIE

A classic child bully who specializes in knuckle busters, nut crackers, titty twisters, Stooze stabs, dirt balls to the temple, and sneak stomach punches. His red hair and infantile penis are his primary motivation. He works very hard to win your friendship and trust so that you will step nicely into his cruel traps. After he has talked you into lying down on the ground with your eyes closed and has dropped a handful of sand in your face, you realize that he is not your friend. But he

*continued*



LOU



DONNIE

never realizes it and will molest you until his parents are forced to send him up to that special school outside of Milwaukee. He has secondary skills at putting you into embarrassing situations. He's an expert at pulling off pants; learning and exposing intimate secrets, even when they concern your close family members; and making classroom farts seem like you did them. When no boys are around, he will amuse himself by skewering a dog doodoo with a stick and chasing girls with it. He's least dangerous when he's with his dad or older brother, Frank. He's most dangerous around your dog or baby sister.

## MISS TALBOT

Ordinarily she is indistinguishable from the scores of other middle-aged single women in your city. You will not recognize her as a bully unless you try to return a defective piece of merchandise, get a man to come out and repair the exposed wires hanging over your garage, or correct an error in your credit report. Her power lies in her ability to waste your time, sap your energy, and frustrate you until you have to look at your driver's license to be sure you're not living in a communist country. Having to care for an ailing mother for nineteen years has drained her of compassion and understanding, and she seems to

delight in bringing upon you a measure of the petty suffering she has endured for most of her life. She knows precisely how to work the system to your disadvantage. She can pigeon-hole you and your needs almost indefinitely. In addition to making it nearly impossible for you to solve the simplest of problems, she annoys you with a nonchalant, gum-cracking, nail-filing attitude. Snide comments like "If you'd pay your bills on time, this wouldn't happen," "I get twenty just like you every day; you're nothing special," and "You could own the company and it wouldn't do you any good" further infuriate you. She knows that she is all that stands between you and the resolution of your troubles, and she enjoys it and prolongs it. Unfortunately, it is impossible for a company to fire an employee who plays strictly by the rules, regardless of how odious she becomes. Her due doesn't come until she has been forced to retire and lacking the daily stimulation of a job becomes a hopelessly senile ward of the state and dies in a tragic nursing-home fire when a frantic nurse must decide which of the two people in her room she wishes to save.

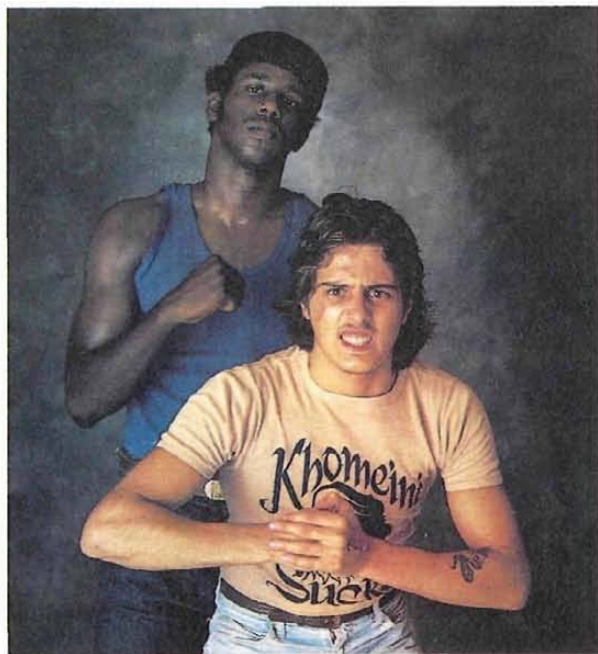
## LAMARR & BUDDY

You're most likely to run into Lamarr if you accidentally get off the expressway as it cuts through his southside

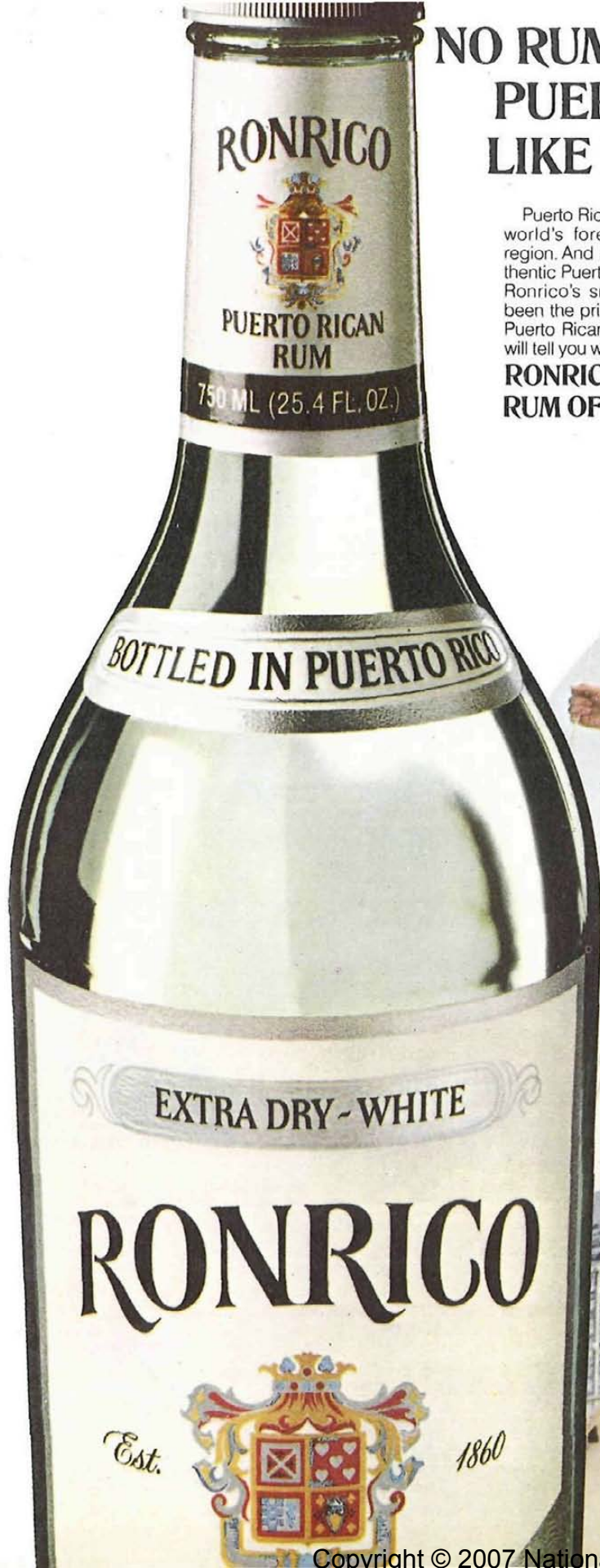
neighborhood. If you go to the ball park, zoo, auto show, or Saint Patrick's Day parade downtown, you'll probably find Buddy. Though they look different and live in different parts of the city, they operate in essentially the same way. They know instinctively when you are frightened and out of your element. Both are masters of verbal terrorism: Lamarr's silky smooth "Say, muthafucker" is every bit as unnerving as Buddy's shrill "Hey, fuckface!" While Lamarr relies upon the overt threat ("You is a dead muthafucker soon as my song is over, man!"), Buddy will bait you, looking for the mildest excuse to unleash his split-knuckle fury upon you ("What'd you say, shithead? You didn't say *nothin'*? I heard you say *something*, cocksucker!"). If you're wearing a hat, Buddy will knock it off; Lamarr will take it off and try it on. While Buddy would never steal your wallet, Lamarr would never piss on it. One will swipe your hubcaps, the other will flick his cigarette in your car window and bend off your radio antenna. Unlike many other bullies, Lamarr and Buddy will not shy away from direct confrontation, unless, of course, they are in your suburban neighborhood. In that case you can call them white trash, nigger, coon, bum, vagrant, slime, scum, and vermin and they will respond with little more than "Ah, could you direct me to the nearest subway station, sir?" □



**MISS TALBOT**



**LAMARR & BUDDY**



# NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

**RONRICO: AUTHENTIC  
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.**



General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof

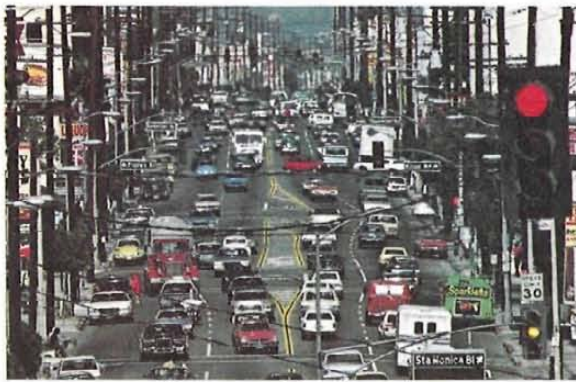
# A CAR IS NO PLACE FOR MOST CAR STEREOS.

In a showroom, any car stereo sounds good. But, as you probably know, cars move. And for most car stereos, that spells trouble.

Buildings. Mountains. Bridges. Tunnels. Telephone wires. There's danger lurking everywhere and your music suffers the consequences. A whole chorus of fuzz, fading and overlapping stations.

Well, you don't have to take it anymore. Now there's a car stereo built for the hazards of the road. Not just the comforts of a showroom.

It's called the Road-Rated™ Receiver. It's built by Craig. And it was made to move.



When you drive through this kind of jungle, you need a Craig Road-Rated Receiver.

The engineers at Craig carefully balanced the sensitivity, RF intermodulation, alternate channel rejection and capture ratio.

Which means the Road-Rated Receiver sifts through the clutter, so what you hear is music to your ears.

To give your ears another treat, add a pair of Craig speakers. They're incredibly accurate.

And combined with a Road-Rated Receiver, you'll have clear, clean sound on almost any road you drive. That's not something you hear every day.

**CRAIG**  
ROAD-RATED RECEIVERS





# SEXUAL HARASSMENT: HOW TO DO IT!

by John Hughes and Ted Mann

**WHO CAN DO IT?**  
You can, if you:  
1. wear a tie to work.  
2. get as much time as you want for lunch.  
3. own company stock.  
4. own the company.  
5. have a phone with buttons on it... in other

**BASIC RULES** Like any other sport, sexual harassment has its rules. If you cannot abide by them and behave with decorum and dignity, then you have no right taking sexual advantage of your employees. Behave like the boss you are.

1 Take your time. If you go in to work Monday and start herding women into your office, you're asking for a Channel 7 "Focus Report" investigation. Unless you're on your second bypass, don't rush it.

2 Don't be greedy. One at a time, please. Girls talk, and if they all talk at once, you won't get any work done for the jealous cackling. As the sign at the salad bar reads, "Take Only as Much as You Can Eat!" Be reasonable. If a girl needs the day off to go to a funeral, don't hold her up for hijinks. She may do it, sure, but

words, if you are a powerful guy who can hire and fire, raise and promote. If you work in the mail room or on the loading dock, sexual harassment by you is just regular old rape, punishable by law.

she'll hate you, and the next time someone dies she'll just cut out and have somebody cover for her.

3 Be subtle. Screwing your employees may not seem to be a situation calling for subtlety, but it is. Betting a secretary a raise that she can't do a cartwheel in a dress is bush. So is putting a silver dollar in your lap, announcing nude half days, and using double entendres in your steno sessions.

4 Keep it to yourself. If you find out someone else is playing your game, fire his butt. Discourage sex in the office. It'll make you look like a clean sheet and prevent the office from turning into a money-losing sex party. It also spares you the embarrassment and humiliation of working territory already covered by one of your own men.

**FUCK 'EM AND FIRE 'EM** If you hire a woman from another field or with a background that is not suited to the duties she is to assume, you've got the glans in the crevice, or, if you prefer, the foot in the door. If the position you offer her is significantly superior to the one she left, she will express great willingness to learn. Not only will her humility prepare her for your sexual advances, it will also help steel her for her inevitable dismissal. Her gratitude to you for hiring her into so much more important a position can be easily expressed sexually if the suggestion is planted in a memorandum to her.

When, after several days, you inform her that she is not working out at her new duties, she will harbor no resentment toward you, blaming her own inabilities for the unpleasant outcome. She will leave the firm pleased to have been offered the opportunity. Be sure you express your regret and write her a glowing letter of recommendation. This will dismiss from her mind any doubts she may have about your sincerity.

*Your Company*

000 Street Avenue  
This Town, That State

To Whom It May Concern:

Ms. Jane Doe has been acquainted with me in the business world for a period sufficient that I might say that I can assess her abilities. She is, in my estimation, a top-notch business person. She is without parallel in supervisory, administrative, and management skills. Any corporation that failed to immediately place Ms. Doe at the presidential level or higher would be in dereliction of its duties to stockholders and, if a public company, liable to the penalties provided for such neglect of responsibility under federal law.

Yours truly,

*Dick Name*

Executive  
Your Company

## THE GIRLS



### EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

She's generally older, more experienced, married, and quite happy. Though she might be appealing from an older-woman standpoint, she won't be terribly attractive undressed, and she poses serious opposition to your advances.

**APPROACH:** "You know, my wife has been ill for some time and I've been awfully tense. Do you think we could go into my office and...talk?"

**OFFER:** Her own adjoining office with locking door, private phone lines, executive-benefits package, and unlimited lunch period.

**THREAT:** You will add additional buttons to her phone station and include among her duties typing, copying, and seeing that the conference room is neat.



### GENERAL SECRETARY

She's very attractive and often quite young. You will

enjoy looking down her blouse and up her skirt, but getting much further than that will be very hard. If she doesn't still live with her parents, she's recently married and very happy. Your power means less to her than your hairy eyebrows and dimpled belly. A lack of career goals takes away from your attack portfolio.

**APPROACH:** "I guess you're just about the prettiest girl in the whole office. And you're one heck of a worker. I wonder if you'd like to go with me to Hawaii for a conference. I could sure use a hard worker like you out there."

**OFFER:** An extra week of paid vacation, cosign her auto loan, buy her living-room furniture, and increase her salary 15 percent.

**THREAT:** Have her benched on the company softball team.



### EXECUTIVE

The very best in terms of body and overall sexuality. She can offer a taut, firm, meticulously maintained frame of the finest quality and sex play that is imaginative and challenging. However, she probably won't offer it to you. You're paying her a fat salary, and her handsome young husband is likely earning better than she is, and together they're rich, classy, and mobile. Any sort of hanky-panky will probably drive her over to your competitor,

where she can do some real serious dollars-and-cents damage.

**APPROACH:** "You can think I'm a pig. I don't care. I can't control myself anymore. Can I please just look at your nipples? Could I just press against you for a little while?"

**OFFER:** No more than 49 percent of your outstanding stock.

**THREAT:** Kill yourself.



### RECEPTIONIST

You hired her because she was attractive, so you know that side of the story. You probably also know that she's not terribly bright, and from the way her jeans define her vulva you know she's not one to balk at a neck peck. What you probably aren't aware of is that she's starving for a rich husband. Your chance to score is as good as her chance to snare you.

**APPROACH:** "You know and I know that you know...are you as horny as I am?"

**OFFER:** Trip to Vegas for New Year's, diamond ankle bracelet, relaxation of rules concerning personal use of the WATS line, and allowing her to watch "All My Children" on the conference-room TV at lunchtime.

**THREAT:** You'll go to personnel and find out how old she is and announce it in the company newsletter.



### KEYPUNCH/DATA PROCESSING

She's at the bottom of the career ladder. She has aspirations but not enough upstairs to get there without your help. She won't win prizes for her beauty, but what she lacks in cheekbones she makes up for in her willingness to advance her career.

**APPROACH:** "There's a promotion in my pants. You want to see if you can find it?"

**OFFER:** Promotion to "executive vice-president for keypunch cards."

**THREAT:** Promote a less senior co-worker before her.



### MAIL ROOM GIRL

If you want her, you can have her. It isn't really sexual harassment, though; it's more like commerce.

**APPROACH:** "Want to party?"

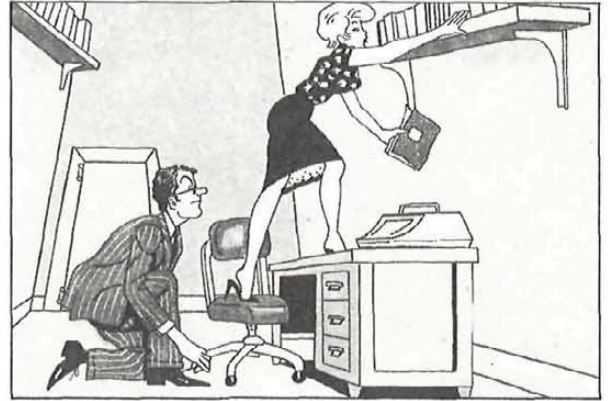
**OFFER:** \$20.

**THREAT:** Narco squad.

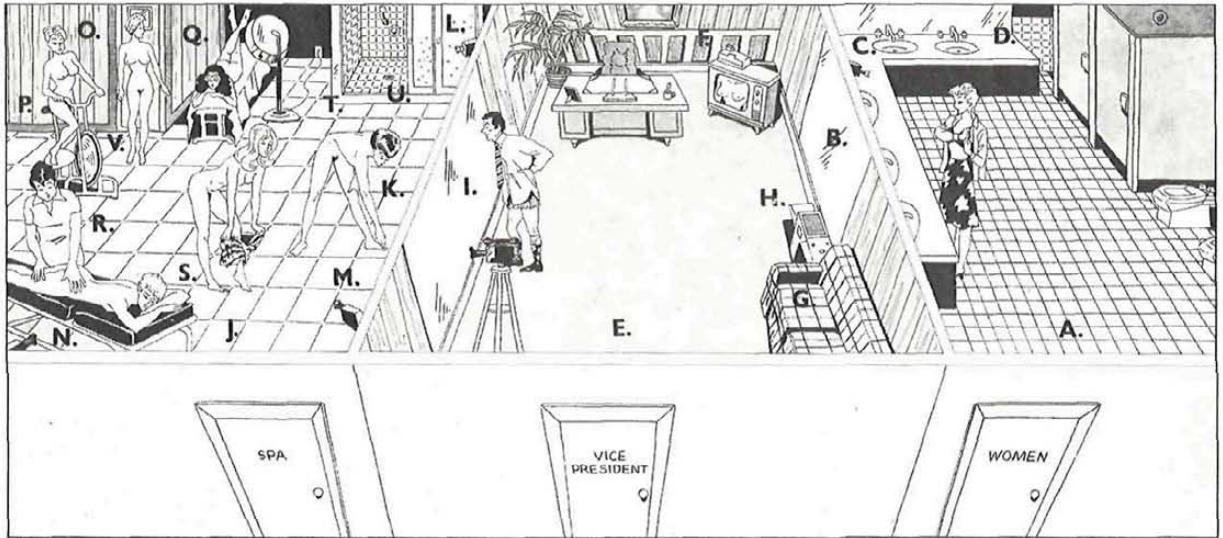
# OFFICE DESIGN



Consider the modern enclosed-work-station concept of office-space management.



They're your shelves; you can raise them as high as you want; and if the girls have to stand on furniture to reach them, it's too bad.



- A.** Executive bathroom, for use by you and your select guests
- B.** Two-way mirror
- C.** Perfume-activated video camera
- D.** Video camera (not pictured) activated by bidet faucets (not pictured)
- E.** Private office
- F.** Video recorders and monitors
- G.** Hide-A-Bed office couch
- H.** Wide-angle spy lens, to view undergarments of employees using copy equipment (above)
- I.** Two-way mirror
- J.** Complete women's rest room/spa
- K.** Full-length exercise mirror
- L.** Video camera activated by body temperature
- M.** Video camera activated by light switch
- N.** Video camera activated by odor
- O.** Sauna
- P.** Sauna video camera (not pictured)
- Q.** Secret sauna entrance (not pictured)
- R.** Masseuse
- S.** Rubdown table/medical-examination table
- T.** Shower
- U.** Shower video (not pictured)
- V.** Exercycle

**A**RRREST Ugly, but it does happen. Sometimes even guys with cool sideburns and a smooth line of patter get arrested for sexual harassment and are issued summonses. If this happens to you, you probably misunderstood this article, or are just plain stupid, or possibly both. Nevertheless, we shall try to save you. When approached by the police, say:

"Christ! I can't believe it! You look so much like my brother, I can't believe it! My father died when I was two, and my stepfather was [Italian, Negro, Chinese, etc.]. I was in the police academy when he died, but that's a long story. Now, what's the complaint here?" Or:

"Holy cow! You're kidding! I was just saying to the guys down at [O'Malley's, Scapella's, The Pink Pussy, etc.] just

the other day that women are getting a raw deal! You gotta be kidding! That's what you get for calling a girl whose number's scratched in a phone booth! Huh!" Or:

"I gave the gal \$50, and what I got wasn't worth ten! How the heck can you sexually harass a whore? And she was a whore! I mean, no decent woman would let me do what I did. Not even for \$50. Not even in these inflationary times." Or:

"You know, my daughter got a speeding ticket and they took her in and a matron made her strip and squat and stick her fingers in her rear end. Did I run over to the station and accuse you fellas of sexual harassment? Hell, no! You were doing your job. Same here. Can I buy you a drink?"

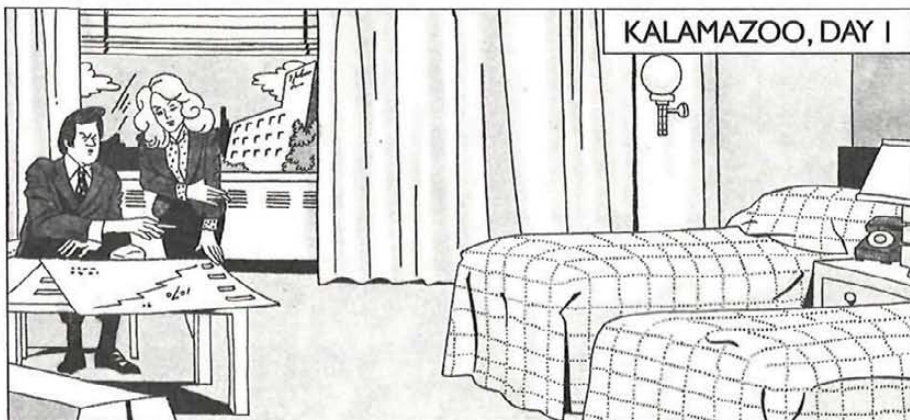
**GENTLEMEN'S CODE** It may happen that women you refer to other firms will generate inquiring phone calls. Other executives may ask you questions like "Does she squirm a lot?" "Is she clean?" "Does the back door open?" Inquiries such as these are outside the normal course of business, and a real gentleman doesn't answer them except over a lunch provided by the inquisitive executive or his corporation. After a friendship has been thus established it is permissible to answer "yes" or "no." Even today, however, modern standards preclude intimate descriptions, unless hunting trips are provided.

**THE COMPANY NURSE** If you don't have one, get one. If you have one, fire her and put in a gal of your own. A big, fishy-looking lesbian is perfect. Pay her enough, give her enough power, and let her do whatever she thinks is necessary to provide for the good health of the company personnel. If this means keeping a Polaroid catalog of the employees' bosoms, so be it. If she wants to bring in a physician to administer free checkups and breast exams, you won't want to stop her. Also, if she wants, let her keep an eye on the girls' cycles, so you won't waste a promotion or a raise on something you can't use once you get it.

**THE OUT-OF-TOWN BUSINESS TRIP** For those real hard cases with the crosses around their necks and the nieces and nephews in their Foto

Cubes, there's the out-of-town business trip. Put her in a miserable small city with nothing to do, and wait her out.

**YOU:** Let's go over the marketing plan once more.  
**SHE:** I think I know it already, sir.  
**YOU:** There isn't much to do here in Kalamazoo; we may as well work.



**YOU:** We introduce the fabric softener to Lower Michigan markets, then we...  
**SHE:** I'm sorry, sir, but if I hear about this marketing plan once more, I may die. When is this meeting supposed to be, anyway?  
**YOU:** They said they'd call.  
**SHE:** Dang! I'm bored to tears!



**YOU:** We came here on business, Kathy.  
**SHE:** Screw the business; fuck me!  
**YOU:** You always seemed so uninterested.  
**SHE:** If you don't shove it in pretty quick, I'm going to use a toilet-paper core!



# Music sculptor.



Meet the music sculptor. The new EQ400 car stereo graphic equalizer. Sensitive. Perceptive. And remarkably precise. Simply connect it between your stereo source and power amplifier.

Then reshape the response of your music to your own taste. Enhanced mid-bass... a little more sheen to the strings... a bit more bite on the brass. Contour, mold, enhance the music until it's just right for your ears.

## 15 bands:

### total control.

That's right. A full fifteen bands are at your command with this graphic equalizer. To shape your music like no other car equalizer can.

Looking at the EQ400 you'll see five sliding controls with a  $\pm 12$  dB range. Look closer, and for each control lever there's a selector for three different bands. Fifteen in all.

Center frequencies controlled are:

|         |           |           |
|---------|-----------|-----------|
| 60 Hz   | 80 Hz     | 125 Hz    |
| 160 Hz  | 250 Hz    | 400 Hz    |
| 630 Hz  | 1000 Hz   | 1600 Hz   |
| 2400 Hz | 3500 Hz   | 5000 Hz   |
| 7000 Hz | 10,000 Hz | 14,000 Hz |

### Even more precision.

Our desire for precision doesn't stop with the fifteen bands.

The EQ400 offers you more precise tuning *within* each band as well.

The top-mounted sliding scales on the EQ400 are physically almost twice as long as the short, front-mounted controls on most other equalizers. Which means far better resolution. For much more precise adjustments... and much more precise sound.

You can instantly compare any boost or attenuation you

the dash equalizer.

The EQ400 rests unassumingly under the dashboard. That is, until you're ready to use it.

Then... a slight pull slides it out to reveal a full, top-mounted illuminated control panel.

The top-mounted controls are easier to see, easier to reach and easier to use.

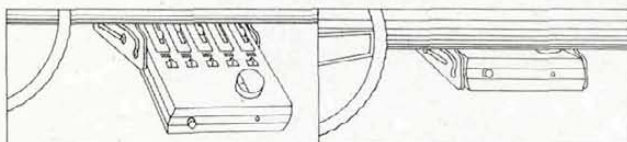
When you're finished adjusting, just slide the unit back under the dash. That way the controls aren't exposed where they can be accidentally bumped out of position. And meanwhile, an LED on the front glows to indicate the unit is on.

The same bracket can also be used to mount the equalizer right at your fingertips, between the bucket seats of smaller cars and vans.

### Your own kind of sound.

No longer do you have to settle for someone else's interpretation of your music.

Because now you can shape it and enhance it with music sculptor. The Jensen EQ400 graphic equalizer. Or the EQA3000 5-Band Graphic Equalizer with built-in dual 12-watt power amplifiers. Hear what they can do... soon.



The EQ400 has a special under dash mounting. This enables you to slide it out for easy adjustment. When you're finished, slide it back. The controls then can't be accidentally knocked out of adjustment.

make with the equalization defeat switch. A front-to-rear fader control offers additional flexibility. And with its switchable 10/47 ohm input impedance, the EQ400 can be connected to any low impedance stereo source.

### Slide out, tune in.

This is no ordinary under

**JENSEN**  
SOUND LABORATORIES  
AN ESMARK COMPANY

# FOOTBOLS FEVER!

**Bols liqueurs and brandies turn a tailgate party into a "Tailgreat Party"!**

Next time the tailgate gang gets together, turn on the style and bring out the Bols! Bols liqueurs and flavored brandies can be used to make dozens of deliciously exciting drinks! Catch FootBols Fever and serve Bols at your next tailgate party. It's a great way to score extra points with your guests!

Bols liqueurs and brandies... since 1575.



## Kickoff The Tailgate Season With This SuperBols Offer.

- Bols Knit Hat (Blue) ..... \$ 3.95 Amt \_\_\_\_\_
  - Bols T-Shirt (Brown) M\_L\_XL\_ 4.95 Amt \_\_\_\_\_
  - Bols Stadium Blanket (Blue) and Carrying Case ..... 19.95 Amt \_\_\_\_\_
  - Bols Tailgate Tote (Off White) ... 7.95 Amt \_\_\_\_\_
- Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

### SEND TO:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Make check/money order payable to FootBols Offer. New Jersey residents add 6% sales tax. Price includes postage and handling. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer good for limited time only while supply lasts. Offer void in KY and all other states where prohibited by law. Mail to FootBols Offer, P.O. Box 6787, Bridgewater, NJ 08807.

## BOLS

**LIQUEURS & BRANDIES  
SINCE 1575**

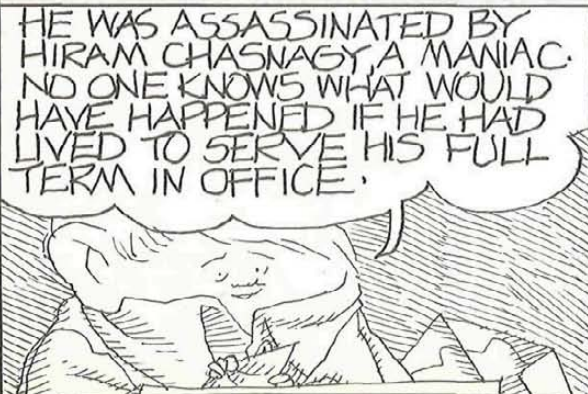
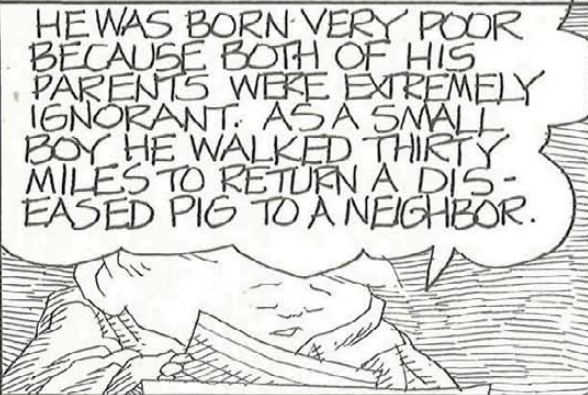
Enjoy more than 30 BOLS liqueurs and brandies 30-78 proof. Produced and bottled in the U.S.A. under personal supervision of the Amsterdam Directors. Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Company, Louisville, KY.





# SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES IT SEEMED THAT THE MORE THE GROWN-UPS EXPLAINED TO YOU ABOUT THEMSELVES, THE LESS SENSE THE EXPLANATIONS SEEMED TO MAKE AND YOU BEGAN TO WONDER IF IT WOULD JUST GET WORSE AND WORSE?

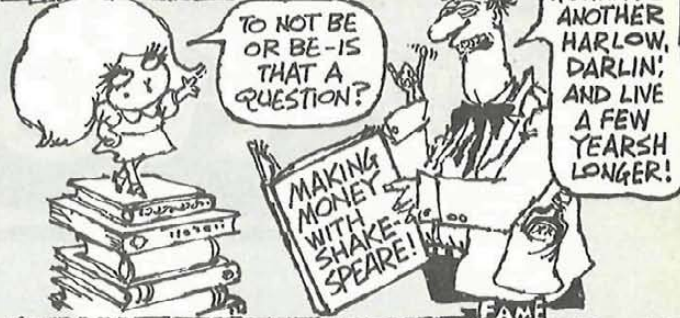


# Marilyn Monroe a biography

**MARILYN MONROE JUMPED OUT OF A CAKE IN LOS ANGELES IN 1926.**



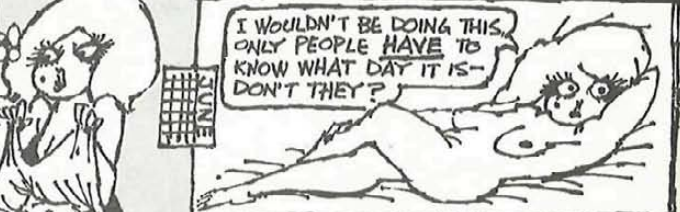
**AT AGE SIX HER MOTHER ENROLLED HER IN DRAMA SCHOOL.**



**WHEN MARILYN WAS 17 SHE ENTERED A PRIVATE BEAUTY CONTEST HELD DAILY IN MOE MAMCULIAN'S GARAGE IN POMONA, AND WON EVERY DAY FOR THREE MONTHS!**



**MARILYN GAINED A MEASURE OF WHEN IN A LESS PERMISSIVE ERA IT WAS LEARNED THAT SHE HAD POSED IN THE NUDE FOR A CALENDAR!**



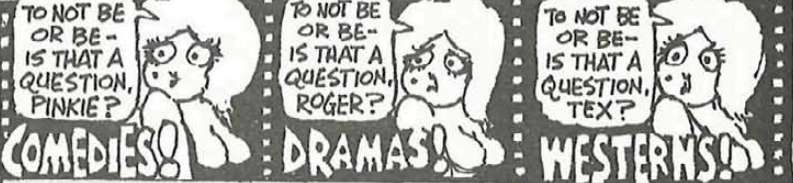
**THEN IN THE EARLY FIFTIES IN THE FILM 'THE ASPHALT JUNGLE' WITH STERLING HAYDEN SHE WAS DISCOVERED!**



**BUT IT WAS THE LATE MOVIE MAGNATE NATHAN KRANZLER WHO PROPELLED MARILYN TO STARDOM WHEN HE SAID**



**FROM THEN ON IT WAS ONE HIT AFTER ANOTHER!**



**THEN ONE FATEFUL DAY MARILYN READ IN THE SPORTS PAGES THAT A MISHAP HAD BEFALLEN A FORMER HUSBAND, JOE DI MAGGIO, AND SHE EXPIRED!**



**WHEN NOT ON THE SET FILMING, MARILYN SPENT HER LEISURE TIME MARRYING MEN.**

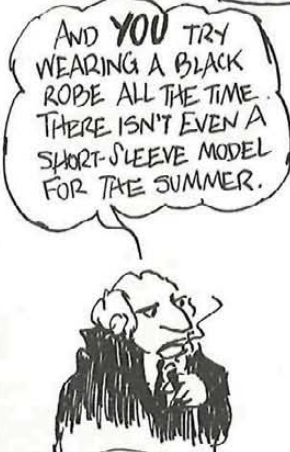


**ARTIST'S NOTE: FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DEPRECATE A VERY POOR REPRESENTATION, I SUGGEST YOU CONSIDER THIS-HOW DO YOU THINK SHE'D LOOK IF S. GROSS DID IT?**



# OF THE PEOPLE

EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T MARRY THE PRESIDENT, IT'S A CIVIL SERVICE JOB, SO IT'S FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.



©/1980  
J. Harris

**Aunt Mary's KITCHEN**  
 M.K. BROWN ©1980

I'M LOOKING FOR THE PICTURES MY BROTHER LEO TOOK IN HAWAII SO WE CAN GET ON WITH THIS SLIDE SHOW AS PROMISED

THEY MAY BE HERE IN LEO'S TRUNK, THOUGH I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE

...POKING AROUND IN HIS...  
 WHO IS THIS PERSON I WONDER AND HOW DOES SHE KNOW LEO?

SAY! HERE'S ANOTHER SHIRT I MADE FOR LEO THAT HE'S NEVER WORN. I'M STARTING TO GET MAD - I MAKE HIM SHIRTS AND HE NEVER WEARS THEM!

WELL, I GIVE UP. WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL LEO GETS BACK FROM FLORIDA, I'M NOT LOOKING ANYWHERE ELSE

...UNLESS

I KNEW IT! I KNEW I'D SEEN THEM SOMEWHERE! THE LAST PLACE YOU LOOK IS ALWAYS WHERE YOU FIND IT

SO - WE'RE ALL SET. WE'LL HAVE TO INCLUDE MY TWIN SISTER DOROTHY, OF COURSE, AS SHE HAS THE PROJECTOR, AND LEO WILL BE HERE TO MAKE THE POPCORN - HOPEFULLY WE'LL SEE SOME LOVELY SLIDES NEXT TIME

NEXT MONTH: SLIDE SHOW

# CONTRACT

19800 *MP 511 E!*

GEORGE! ... THE HIT MAN IS HERE.

Hi... I GUESS WE'RE A BIT NERVOUS... IT'S OUR FIRST TIME.

TEA?

IT'S THE BRESLAWS UPSTAIRS... WE'VE TALKED TO THEM ABOUT THE NOISE BUT...

SAY WHEN.

IF YOU COULD JUST FIRE A FEW WARNING SHOTS...

...INTO HIS KNEES OR SOMETHING.

CLACK!

WE CAN'T REALLY AFFORD TO HAVE THEM BOTH DONE...

ANYWAY WE'D PREFER IT IF YOU DIDN'T SHOOT MRS. BRESLAW.

WE NEED HER FOR A FOURTH FOR BRIDGE.

# hilarity



Script: Jody Uttall Art: Mary Wilshire  
© 1980



# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

A SINISTER FIGURE CLIMBS INTO THE BEDCHAMBER OF JUDGE CARLSON...



WAKE UP, JUDGE!

REMEMBER ME?

HMMFF!



DON'T REMEMBER ME, DO YOU? DO YOU?



WELL...ER.

PSST, JUDGE! IT'S RATHER HURTFUL TO SOMEONE'S PRIDE TO BE FORGOTTEN...



SO THE ONLY KIND AND POLITE THING TO DO IS TO SAY, "OF COURSE I DO" AND FIND OUT LATER WHO THE PERSON IS, IF YOU CAN.



© 1983 R. BARRETT

OF COURSE I DO!

YOU'RE LYING! -SENT ME UP FOR THIRTY YEARS!



LIAR!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!



SAY, JUDGE! THIS WILL PROBABLY JOG YOUR MEMORY! -THAT FELLOW WAS GRACIOUS ENOUGH TO LEAVE HIS VISITING CARD AND A BOX OF DELICIOUS CANDY BESIDES!



WEARING JEANS TO THE OFFICE IS PROPER, OF COURSE, JUST AS LONG AS YOUR DESK IS ON TOP OF A HORSE! Thank you.



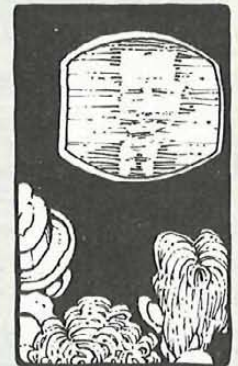
BACK IN '57, I WAS WINNING MONEY RIGHT AND LEFT ON "TWENTY-ONE"



ALL THE WHILE, NO ONE SUSPECTED I WAS RECEIVING MY ANSWERS IN ADVANCE FROM THE SHOW'S PRODUCERS



I WAS TOLD THAT THE PRACTICE WAS MERELY AN ACCEPTED PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS



FROM AN UNKNOWN COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, I BECAME, BEFORE I KNEW IT, A NATIONAL CELEBRITY



I'M AFRAID IT ALL WENT TO MY HEAD



I CAREFULLY PRACTICED STAMMERING, HESITATING, MOPPING MY BROW



I IMAGINED I WAS HELPING THE IMAGE OF TEACHERS EVERYWHERE AND CREATING NEW INTEREST IN THE ACADEMIC LIFE



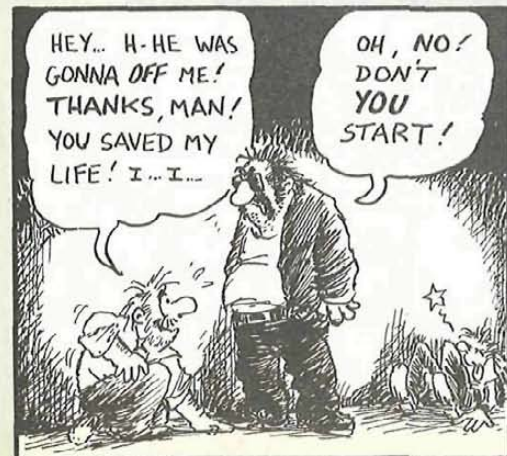
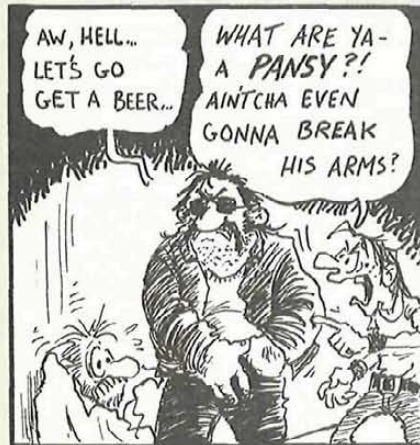
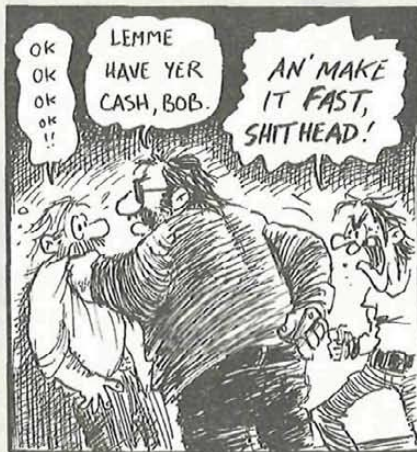
BUT THEN HUMILIATION: I ENDED UP BARING MY SOUL BEFORE THE U.S. CONGRESS



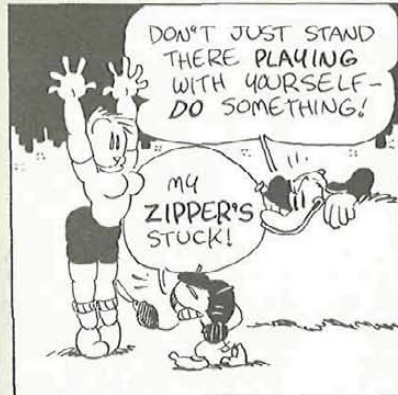
I SUPPOSE I'VE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT MYSELF

# 3 AM EVENT

Featuring **WILLIE**



# Dirty Duck <sup>by</sup> Bobby London



## LETTERS

continued from page 53

Sirs:

That Liddy guy talks about how tough he is, but, you know, I'm a pretty hard cookie myself. Even as a kid I forced myself to face my fears head-on. I overcame my fear of drowning by walking around with a glass of water strapped to my head, and I quelled my fear of fire by staring at a box of Eddy nonsafety matches for three hours a day. That did the trick. And women's underthings were pretty scary till I made myself wear panty hose under my suit—different color panties every day of the week. Fear? I don't know the meaning of the word.

My book reveals that "they" were going to terminate me if I didn't "resign," but I didn't say how they planned to do it. It was meat pies. Meat pies from Gutmann's Deli. The plan was to knock me down with one well-aimed pie and then smother me to death with hundreds more. The "official" version would blame the assassination on hippies, and the public would never learn the truth. They tried to carry out the "hit" on several occasions, but I was always ready for them. I'd toughened myself by eating hundreds of Gutmann's meat pies. After the first pie hit, I fought my way to the VIPs' limo, where loyal agents could protect me.

Now I'm not naming names about who was responsible for what, but it's pretty obvious that the directive to terminate me came from "higher up," and a certain phlebitis-ridden ex-president of the USA was crazy about Gutmann's meat pies. Strange? You figure it out for yourself.

Mr. S. Agnew  
V-P, Retired

Sirs:

I guess I'm what you'd call a fox. Most guys say I'm a "9" or "10." I work in a real popular jeans store here in Westwood. The thing I love about my job is getting to "accidentally" feel a guy's ass, or sneak a look at him changing in a booth. I even get turned on by seeing a man trying on shirts. One time I got all wet when I caught a glimpse of a dick when a guy slipped off a pair of too-tight jeans. All the other salesgirls feel the exact same way. We just love to see what guys look like.

Wendy  
Westwood, Cal.

PS: If you believe any of this, you're as stupid as our security guard, Otis.

Sirs:

I know why the Russians invaded Afghanistan! It was so they could count all their meals as business expenses.

Edmund Muskie  
Stenographer of State  
Washington, DC

Sirs:

Will someone shut that guy up already?

Nan Talese  
New York City

Sirs:

Just a note to remind you that New York City health ordinances require you to pick up after any personal or professional comments about Mr. Simmons. Thanks.

Mayor Edward Koch  
New York, NY

Sirs:

No, no, no! I will *not* accept the decree of the entire film world that I, as this year's highest honored in the Academy Awards sweepstakes, am necessarily more brilliant than any other breathtakingly talented immortal of the silver screen. So I'm a genius. So what? Bill Shakespeare was a genius, too. Where's his Academy Award? So I've got this colossal acting ability. Agreed. But did David Garrick ever get an Academy Award? Did Edwin Booth? Did Saint Francis of Assisi ever win an Oscar? Or God?

Hey, look, let me be touchingly magnanimous and surprisingly humble for a moment. I'm still the same unaffected, beer-and-pretzels, sweatshirt-and-jeans kind of regular guy I was back in '67, when I gave the world my first stellar performance in *The Graduate*.

So, listen, I still don't deserve this Oscar. I really don't. Give it to Al Pacino or Larry Olivier or somebody less gauche, and give me something more closely aligned to what I *really* deserve. Give me sainthood *now*, while I'm alive.

Dustin Hoffman  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

The secret to my success is that I make all my wives suck their tummies in. Then they not only look great but they also talk in a teeny-weeny bird voice like this, so that they sound like real pea brains, and that gives me more power over them.

John Derek  
Sherman Oaks, Cal.

*There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.*

Robert Service  
*The Men Who Don't Fit In*



A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



# Yukon Jack

100 Proof Imported Liqueur  
made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack, Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A.: © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

continued from page 48

the hospital actually, which is about half finished and the largest construction project in town. We're going to give Rudolph an opportunity to drop some porcelain sinks and urinals that haven't been installed yet off the top floor onto Sixth Street.

(Section deleted from tape)

(Sound of thud in distance) [BAIRD] I'm not going to do this anymore. I could have killed someone down there.

[HOCK] But didn't you like the explosion? You know, the way the porcelain blows all over the place like a bomb?

[WICKHEYSER] What'd you and Ellie do tonight, huh? Look at that mess down there, and tell me you did anything better. (Scraping sound) [HOCK]

This is a heavy one, Rudolph. It should be twice as loud as the last one.

(Loud thud in distance) [BAIRD] That was like a cannonball. [WICKHEYSER]

Here, see if you can do three at once. (Scraping sound; three loud thuds)

[BAIRD] I was always afraid to get involved with this kind of thing when I was a youngster. [HOCK] That's why you're so fucked up now. [WICKHEYSER] Hey, Rudolph. We've been making all the decisions here, so why don't we wreck something you want to wreck? You know, let's get somebody you really hate. [BAIRD] Well...

(Section deleted from tape)

(Sound of powerful diesel engine starting up) [HOCK] Okay, we got it started, Rudolph. I think this lever makes it go forward. (Clanking sound) This one

should operate the scoop. [BAIRD] I really don't want to vandalize Dr. Peal's office. [WICKHEYSER] Come on, Rudolph. You just said the guy suckered you into his medical corporation and then pissed away the retirement account on his brother's bust-o citrus deal. If anyone deserves to have a front-end loader driven into his waiting room, he does. [BAIRD] (Barely audible) That son of a bitch cheated me. (Sound of gears engaging; engine speeds up)

(Section deleted from tape)

[WICKHEYSER] We're now riding our bikes back to Baird's house. Time: 4:20 AM. Dr. Rudolph Baird caved in the entire Spanish facade in front of Dr. Peal's office, then scooped up his examination table and dropped it in the parking lot. He laughed continuously for several minutes after the incident but has been silent ever since.

[HOCK] Hey, Rudolph, how about we have that drink now. (Sounds of kickstands, door opening) [MRS. BAIRD]

(Tremulous) Rudy, where have you been? I've been so worried. [WICKHEYSER] Baird is not responding to his wife; he seems to be in a trancelike delirium, possibly shock. He's entering his house. We're following him in.

[MRS. BAIRD] (Confused, irritated) Who are you children? It's four-thirty in the morning. What are you doing?

[HOCK] Here's your bra; it finally dried out. I'll put it away for you while you pour the drinks. [WICKHEYSER] Scotch. Up. [MRS. BAIRD]

(Screams) Just a minute, you give me that. Where are you going? [WICK-

HEYSER] Eleanor is chasing Louis down the hall. Rudolph has disappeared into another area of the house. [MRS. BAIRD] Now, you give me that garment, young man. (Sound of drawer opening) Get out of there. [HOCK] Sorry, just trying to help out. [WICKHEYSER] Boy, Ellie, you should have seen that husband of yours knock the living shit out of Dr. Peal's office. It was great; he hot wired a front-end loader and rammed the fucker right through the wall. [MRS. BAIRD] (Hysterical) I'm calling the police. Now, you...you stay right where you are, because you're in a lot of trouble.

[HOCK] All we want is a drink. [WICKHEYSER] Baird has just entered the room with a twelve-gauge pump shotgun and appears crazed. [BAIRD] Get out of the house, Eleanor. [MRS. BAIRD] (Screams) Oh, my God.

[WICKHEYSER] We've ducked into a bathroom connecting to another bedroom. (Shotgun blast) Baird is firing randomly; that one hit the lights.

[BAIRD] Come out of there, you punks. (Burst of submachine-gun fire) Louis is shooting around the door-jamb. (Screams from Mrs. Baird)

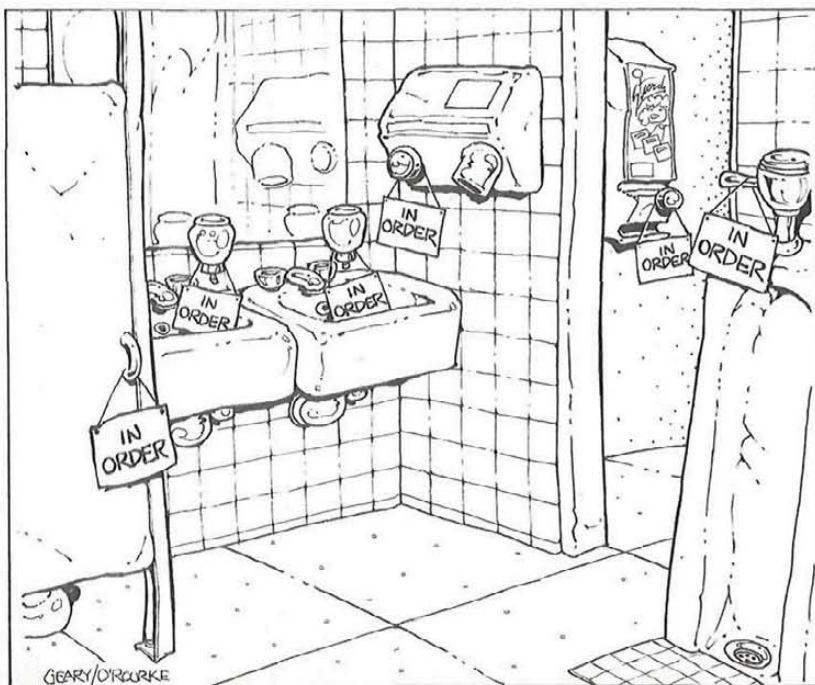
[BAIRD] (Shouts) Ellie, get away from here. I'm going to kill them. [WICKHEYSER] I've rolled a hand grenade into the corner of the next room.

(Shotgun blast) Buckshot is ricocheting into the shower stall. There's plaster dust everywhere. [BAIRD] (Shouting wildly) I'll kill you. (Grenade explosion; sound of bricks and plaster falling to the floor) [WICKHEYSER] Pin him down, then let's hit it. (Burst of submachine-gun fire) We're running out of the house through the hole in the rear wall. (Two shotgun blasts; glass shattering)

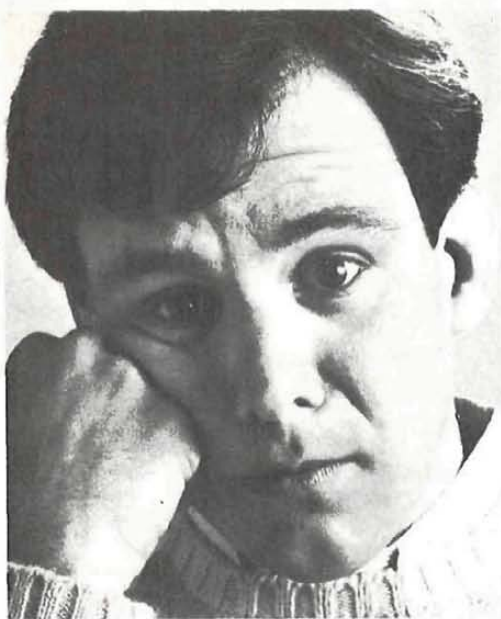
The fucker is shooting at us through his window. I can hear the pellets fly overhead. [HOCK] Quick, into the wash. (Shotgun blast; sound of pellets hitting sand) [BAIRD] (In distance) I'll teach you punks. (Shotgun blast) [WICKHEYSER] He's going to kill us. That last one hit the rim of the wash and knocked a whole bunch of dirt on our heads. Louis, get to the torpedo. I'll keep him busy. (Several bursts of submachine-gun fire) [BAIRD]

(Shouts) I know where you are and I'm going to kill you. (Shotgun blast) [WICKHEYSER] Shit. He's blowing away half the desert. [HOCK] He's walking toward us. He's going to kill us. [WICKHEYSER] Louis, hit the torpedo. (Whooshing sound; violent explosion) [HOCK] That got his attention. [WICKHEYSER] The house is engulfed

continued on page 80







“...but it sounded sensational in the store.”

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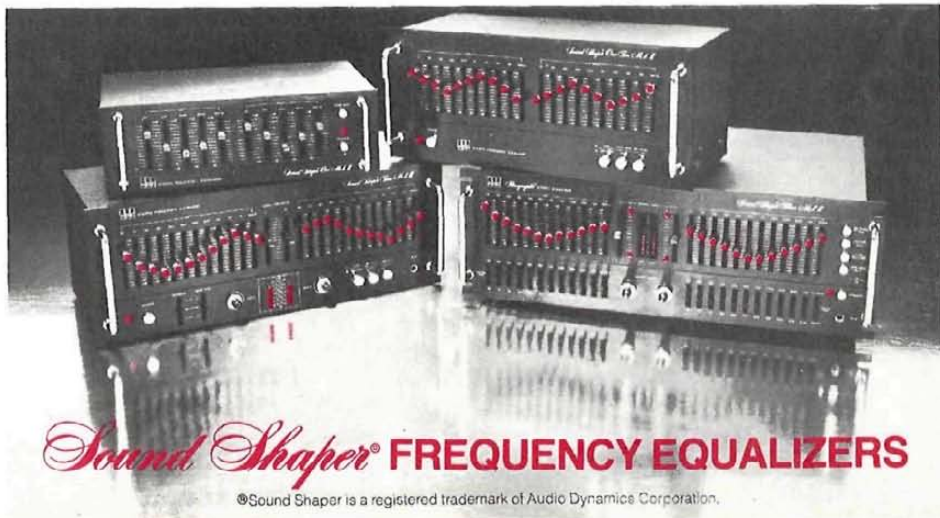
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## GHOSTS

continued from page 38

ardly to go through with it. And I was not yet nineteen. I'd never made love to anyone but Juanita. I wanted to fuck all the women in the world. So I did not do the decent thing and make her breasts and belly swell and buy a pair of matching goldlike rings. I didn't even treat her very well. I took her kindnesses for granted and yelled when there were no ironed shirts. It's difficult to find someone who loves you, even more difficult not to abuse them for doing so.

So Juanita and I lived in the carriage house. And I was very happy, whether I knew it or not. The house creaked and pounded and made footfall noises, but the ghosts never harmed us, until March. We were asleep on our mattress in the loft when, about three in the morning, I awoke with a fit of coughing that turned into a retching gag. I got up from the bed and tripped over the unconscious puppy. The air in the room was thick and sickening with fumes from the oil burner. I shook the dog, but it wouldn't wake. Then I shook Juanita, but she was unconscious too. I got her under one arm and the puppy under the other and went down the ladder. I don't know how. I'm not a strong person, and Juanita, although small, certainly weighed a hundred pounds. With her in one hand and the dog in the other, that left no hand at all for the ladder rungs. But I did do it. Crying and choking, I got them out the door and slapped Juanita until she came to. We went naked through the streets to a friend's house. There were little blue crescents at the base of Juanita's nails. She was sick for several days, and the puppy nearly died. It was an unnerving experience. The more so since the oil burner hadn't been lit for three weeks.

I suppose we didn't entirely escape the curse. What happened between Juanita and me the next summer was unpleasant, maybe tragic. Forrester didn't escape it either. He was drafted and killed at Hue. And Ballow's estimate of his own depravity was overblown, it seems, for he drank himself to death that spring. □



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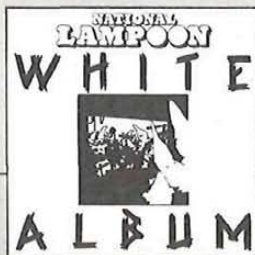


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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• When a couple appeared before Ernestine Boyle at the marriage license bureau in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, she administered the prescribed oath and asked if either party had been married before. The male applicant stated he was previously wed in Maryland. Mrs. Boyle then asked if he was divorced. The man claimed that he was not and that the woman he had married was standing next to him. "Oh, so you were divorced and want to get remarried," Mrs. Boyle recapitulated. "Well, not exactly" the man continued. He explained that his bride-to-be was technically a male at the time of their first marriage, and that the state of Maryland, apprised that his mate had not undergone the full medical treatment necessary to effect a legally recognized sex change, annulled the contract. Citing relevant Pennsylvania statutes, Mrs. Boyle advised the prospective bride to obtain a letter from a physician confirming that her gender transfer was now complete and that she was genetically considered a female. The newly constituted woman then declared she had absolute proof, withdrew a jar full of formaldehyde from her purse, and pointed to a penis suspended inside it. Mrs. Boyle said she would still require a note from the applicant's doctor. *GreensburgTribune-Review* (contributed by J. Gustafson)

• Citizens of the Philippine province of Bulacan have been encouraged to participate in a rat raffle, in which tails cut from crop-eating rats may be used to obtain tickets for a government drawing. Winning rat tails will receive a range of prizes,

including cattle, piglets, water buffalo, and refrigerators. *UPI* (contributed by Sheryl Williams)

• When Mary Wolfe, a sixty-two-year-old arthritic living in Lakeside, Ohio, offered to donate her body to the Medical College of Ohio at Toledo, an official replied that she would have to pay the school to take it. "Though the donation of one's body to medical education is an act of selfless concern," the official wrote, "budgetary stringencies oblige the college to request a modest sixty-dollar fee of each donor." Ms. Wolfe was also instructed to "make provision for" her own transportation. *AP* (contributed by Rick Potter)

• A twenty-year-old hardware-store clerk, Aubrey E. Carter III, was arrested in Miami, Florida, for alleged crimes that earned him the nickname "Dr. Upchuck." According to officials, Aubrey telephoned over 400 female hospital patients last year, identified himself as a doctor,

and advised them to "drink two glasses of water, stick [their] finger down [their] throat, and throw up." "I think it has some sexual overtones," commented a police sergeant associated with the case. *AP* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• When units of the West German Bundeswehr moved into an area north of Munich for maneuvers, a young private was ordered to guard a bridge at the river Amper until relieved. Villagers discovered the soldier three days later crouched under a bus shelter to protect himself from a driving thunderstorm. They gave him food and water, then called the army, whose spokesman admitted that officers had "simply forgotten about him" and moved the troops one hundred miles away. *AP* (contributed by Tony Morgan)

• Residents of Corpus Christi, Texas, voted overwhelmingly in favor of a proposition lowering the city's property-tax ceiling

and limiting annual tax increases to 6 percent. The Corpus Christi City Council retaliated by suing the entire town to recover the money they are now unable to spend. The case is pending. *New York Times*

• Lawrence Wright spotted a woman stranded with a flat tire on a Vermont road and stopped to help. He was badly injured, however, when the jack slipped and the weight of her car crushed him between a fender and the pavement. As Wright squirmed in pain, the woman berated him for failing to complete the job, then replaced the lug nuts, jacked the car off his body, told him, "The hospital is just down the road," and drove away. Wright eventually found his way to an emergency room. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Scott Weiss)

• Forty-six-year-old James Meredith, the black man who became nationally known in the early sixties as the first student to break the color barrier at the University of Mississippi, was arrested in Jackson on charges of false pretense—a type of larceny where thieves obtain title to property by falsely representing their intent to pay for it. The property in this case was a pizza owned by Pizza Hut. Meredith allegedly ordered and received two pizzas yet paid for only one of them, on the assumption that a coupon he was holding entitled him to claim the other pizza at no cost. When the manager pointed out that the coupon actually read "Buy two pizzas and get one free," Meredith became incensed, refused to pay, and was arrested. *New York Times*

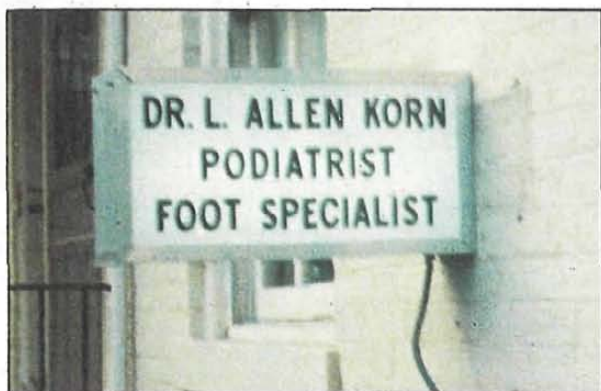
### PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



John Bruno, Erie, Pa.

What's Your Sign?

Readers' Page



S. Manzy, Middlebury, Conn.



Ken Jacowitz, Saratoga Springs, NY



Pete Martin, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



Debbie Ross, Anderson, Ind.



Ron Owenby, Kansas City, Mo.



Andrew Hascam, Nashville, Tenn.



Peter Bender, Sydney, Australia

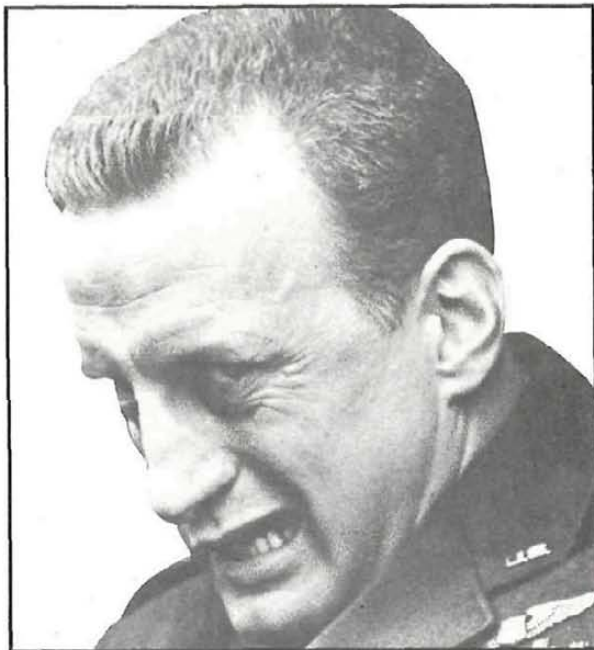
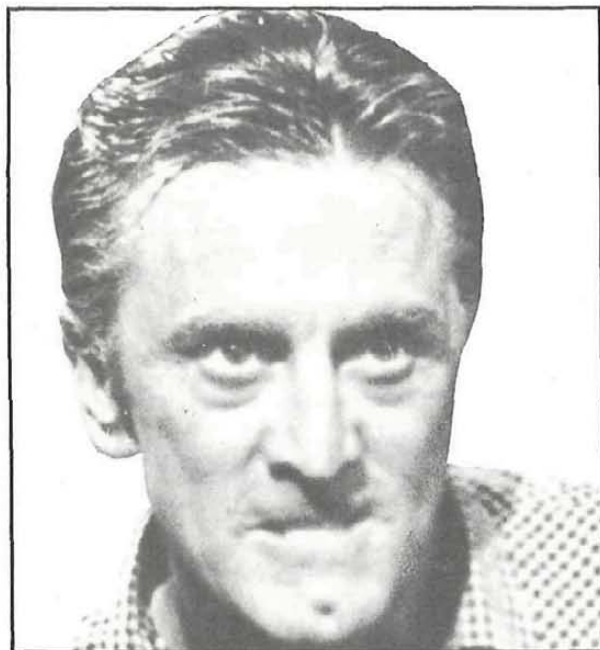


Harold Cagot, Dildo, Newfoundland



Matthew White, Richmond, Va.

# WHO'S ANGRIER?



## Kirk Douglas or George C. Scott

- "I am not an animal! I am *not* an animal!" (*Spartacus*)
- "Odinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn! Unh!" (*The Vikings*)
- "Courage? What do you know of courage? Let me speak with her for as long as I can hold my hand in this candle's flame." (*Lust for Life*)
- "Circe, you vile enchantress, you've turned my men into pigs!" (*Ulysses*)
- "Rommel, you magnificent bastard, I read your book!" (*Patton*)
- "Where do you train your nurses, Mrs. Christie? Dachau?" (*The Hospital*)
- "A lunatic is entitled to his temperament!" (*They Might Be Giants*)
- "Turn it off, turn it off, for God's sake, turn it off!" (*Hard Core*)

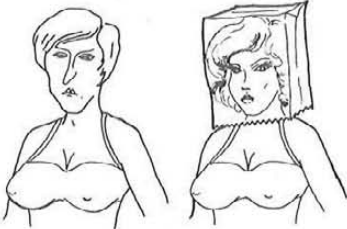
### WHO DO YOU THINK IS ANGRIER?

Check the appropriate box below. Then throw this magazine away.

- I think Kirk Douglas is angrier  I think George C. Scott is angrier

**Wrong**

**Right**



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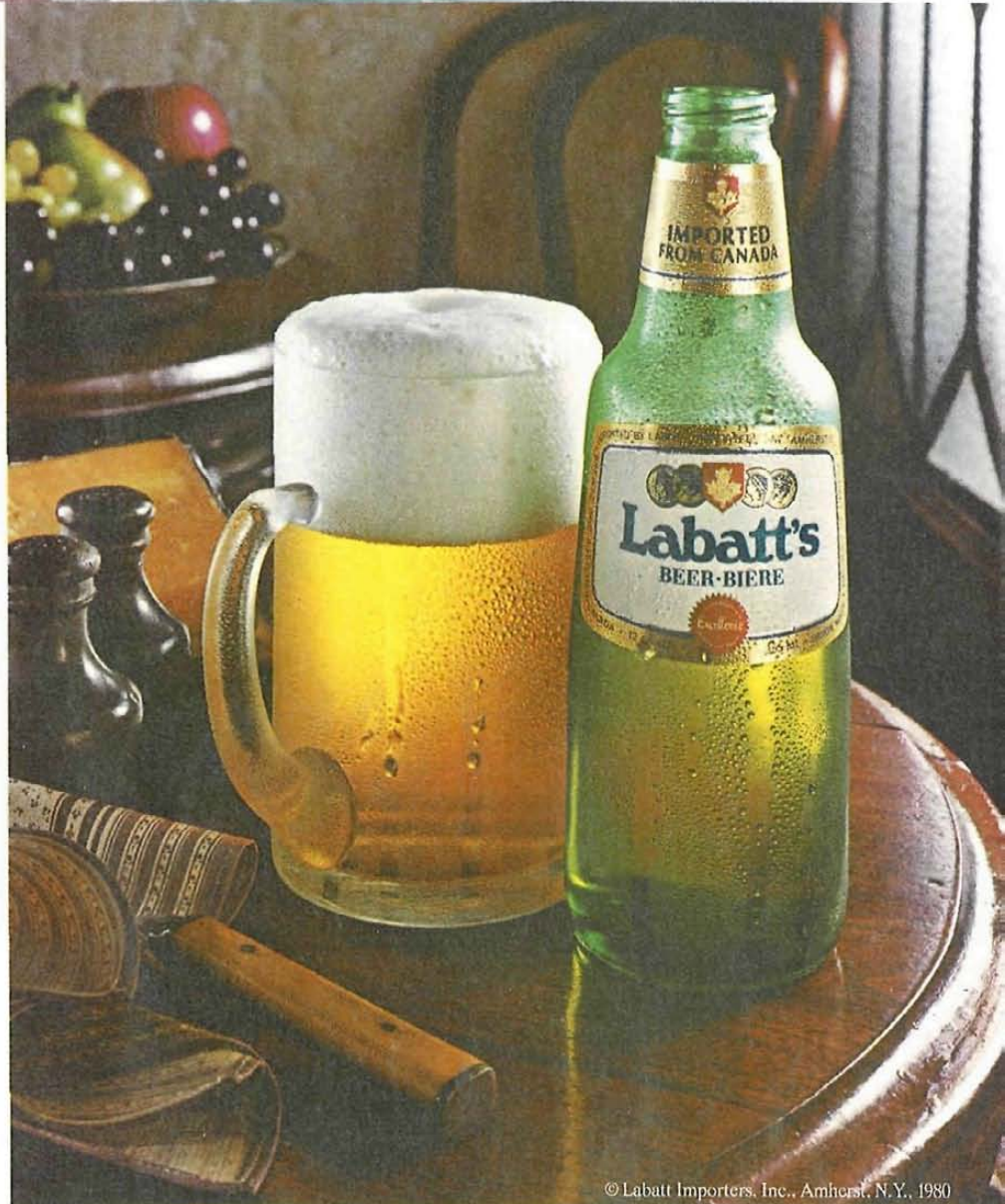
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# Think of Labatt's

## CURSES

continued from page 52

that Jean managed to save for the right moment.

Arnold knew something terrible was happening but was too stupid to figure it out and simply sweated in panic all over the helpless Cora. Cora tried to wiggle and roll her way out, but, again, it just got worse. The other revelers thought the two were having a wild and wonderful time as Cora screamed and tossed and turned.

Cora tried another approach. Summoning all her powers, she turned her face into something ugly and grotesque, in an attempt to give poor Arnold a "hard-off," hoping he would be so turned off by her looks that his penis would go limp. But it remained hard and glued into her like epoxy. Cora's facial contortions only made her look more wild and abandoned. The revelers were now sure that she was getting the best sex of her life and that Arnold, the chubby warlock from Buffalo, must be the best performer of all time. It seemed that he could go on forever.

The girls were begging for a chance at Arnold, chastising Cora for hogging him. Cora confessed that she would love to give him up for a while, if they could only be pried loose. They seemed to be stuck permanently. The crowd did try to pry the couple loose, as if they were two ropes in a tug-of-war contest, but the spell was too powerful. Everyone realized that Jean had gotten her final revenge.

Jean, in her moment of triumph, had two suggestions—marriage or surgery. The crowd picked up the cue and shouted for marriage. If they were joined together in this unbreakable spell, they might as well be joined in holy matrimony. Frank Rose, the oldest warlock at the convention, the Arch Divine One, was called upon to perform the ancient marriage ceremony of a witch and a warlock.

Cora wanted to be separated by surgery. But that wasn't going to help poor Arnold. It would mean the end of his sex life. She was overruled by the drunken, drugged revelers who called for a marriage. This was too much for Cora. She asked that her life

be taken. She could not live the rest of her life like a Siamese twin, joined in this most undignified manner. She acknowledged victory to Jean but still asserted her love for Harkavy. She would die with her love pure and intact.

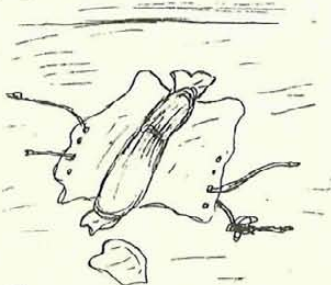
The revelers were silent. Everyone was moved, including Jean. She bent over the couple and chanted something in a strange language sounding like a combination of Chinese and Swahili. She took some Vaseline and rubbed it around the couple's genital areas and Arnold suddenly slipped out of Cora with an audible pop. The group cheered, cried with joy, and kissed Cora. Jean bent down and kissed Cora. Cora kissed Jean. The battle was over. Jean announced that they had both won, and now it was time for all the real lovers to unite, to love one another until dawn's rosy fingers emerged. Cora looked at Jean in a new and different way. Jean took Cora's hand and led her to a secluded corner, where they embraced and remained together for the rest of the night. They never spoke to Harkavy again. □

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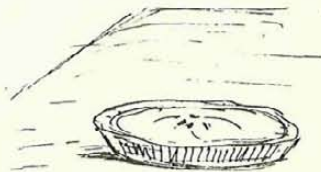
Shoe:

Suddenly fell completely apart



Game:

Incomprehensible instructions.



Apple Pie:

Yuck.



Pen:

Blots, skips, then refuses to do anything.



Hair conditioner:

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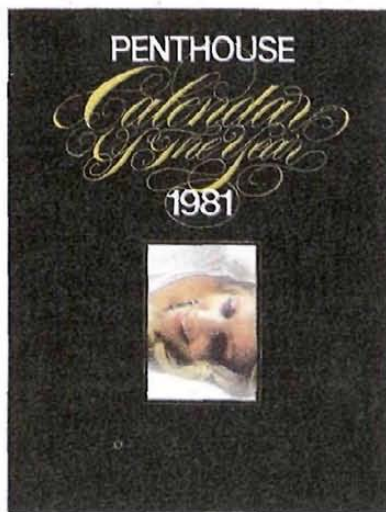
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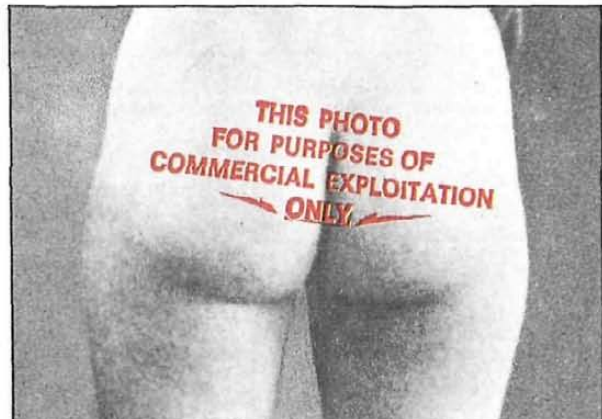
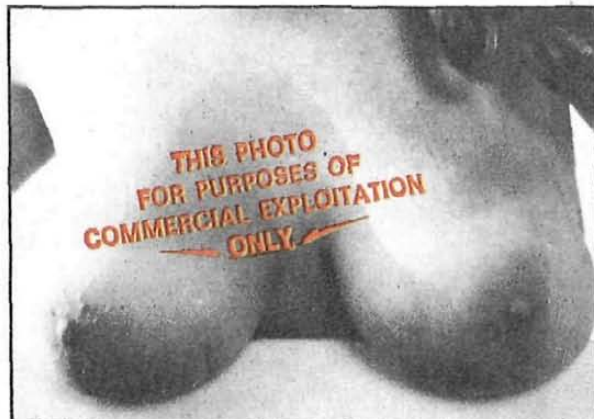
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that's not the truth. The truth is we were on a secret government mission vital to our national security and we didn't have time to think about the November issue because the fate of Western man was at hazard. Actually that's not the truth either. The truth is somewhere in between. In between

"trusty" and "tryptic" in the dictionary. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ouch! Please! Ouch! Don't hit us! Okay, okay, we were drunk. But, look, we've been up since seven o'clock this morning, and we'll have another issue finished by the time you get back to the newsstand. Even if we have to stay up all night.



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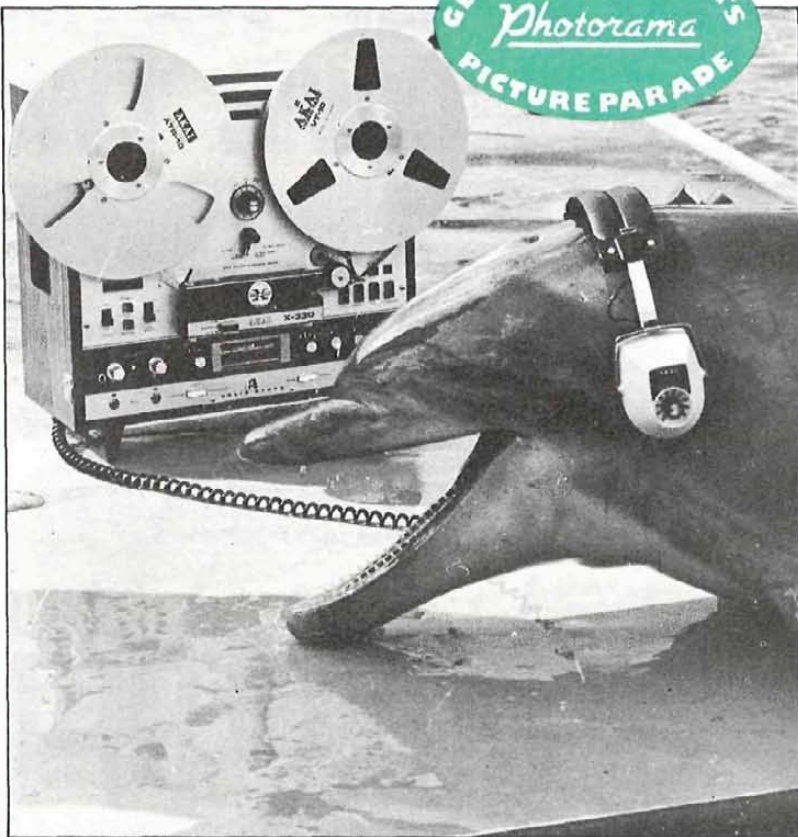
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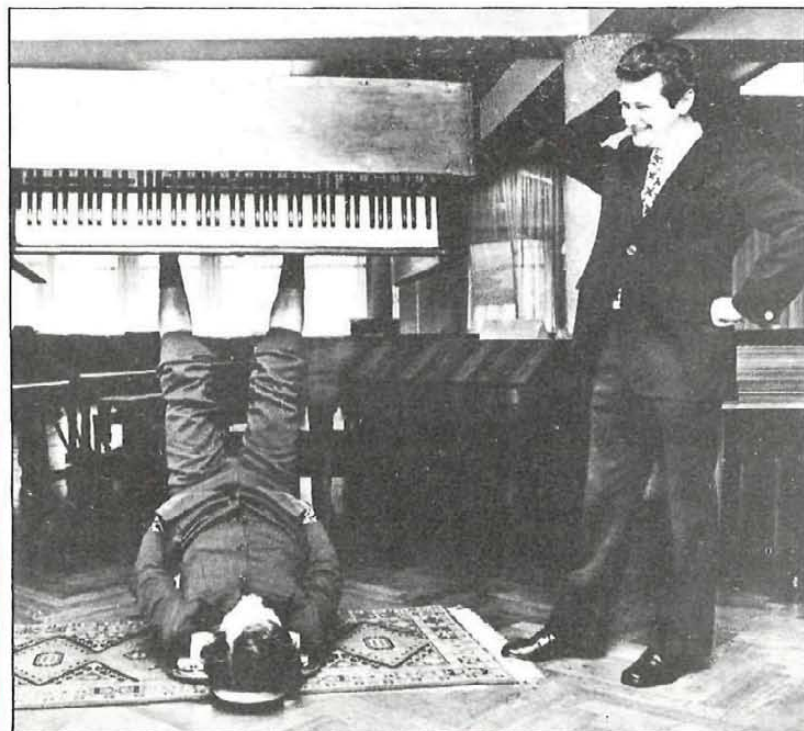
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**Tampa, Florida** Buttons, a bottle-nosed dolphin at Tampa's Sea-O-Rama, tries his hand at becoming the world's first dolphin disco disc jockey. The management of Sea-O-Rama is making a study of the dolphin's responses to various forms of pop music, especially rock 'n' roll and disco, in the hope of staging full-length song and dance productions.



**Johannesburg, South Africa** Guy Whitley, a retired dental technician from Durban, shows off one of his inflatable witch hats, part of the world's largest collection. According to Mr. Whitley, inflatable witch hats are worn for virtually every occasion, except Halloween, when no hats are worn. The hats are inflated by mouth and closed up with sealing wax.



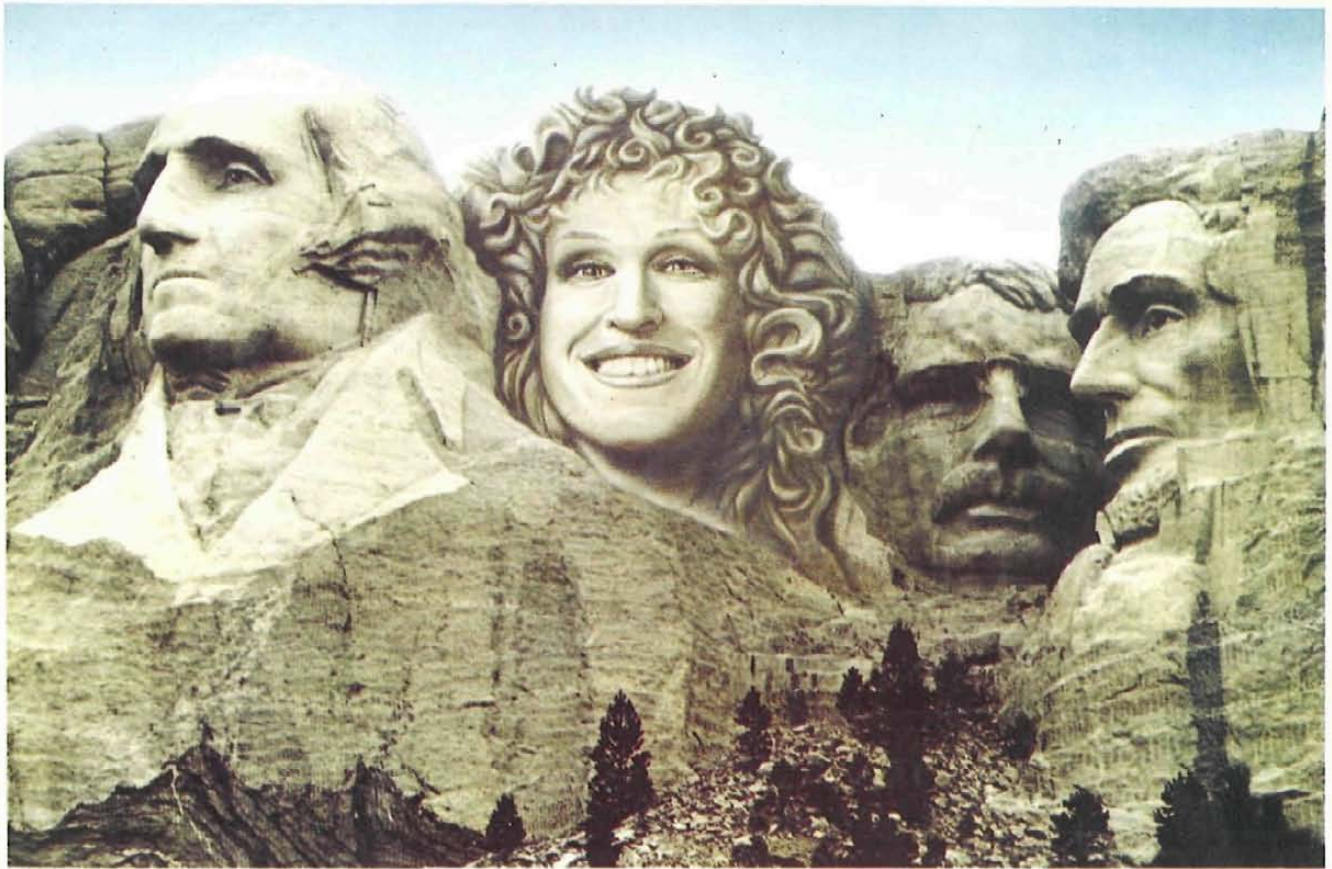
**Sydney, Australia** Harold Mabley, a piano mover, demonstrates his new technique for a local music dealer. Mabley claims to have taken all the difficult work out of this job by using his feet instead of his hands. His feet are attached to a pair of heavy clips, while his head and shoulders rest on a motorized disk that moves across the floor automatically.



**Knoxville, Tennessee** Tom Winters, a purveyor of smoked pork products, has revealed the secret of his success. He uses baby spittle in the curing process. Mothers in the area bring their little ones to the Winters' smokehouse, where the babies are given lots of milk, which makes them spit up. The baby spittle is collected and is basted over the hams daily, to give them their unique taste.

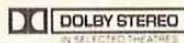
# BETTE MIDLER

is

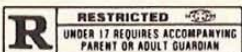


# DIVINE MADNESS

Produced and Directed by MICHAEL RITCHIE Written by JERRY BLATT, BETTE MIDLER, BRUCE VILANCH  
Executive Producer HOWARD JEFFREY Director of Photography WILLIAM A. FRAKER, A.S.C.




Filmed in Panavision® Color by Technicolor®



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**THE DIVINE MADNESS WILL ARRIVE IN YOUR TOWN THIS FALL, STARTING SEPTEMBER 26TH.  
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